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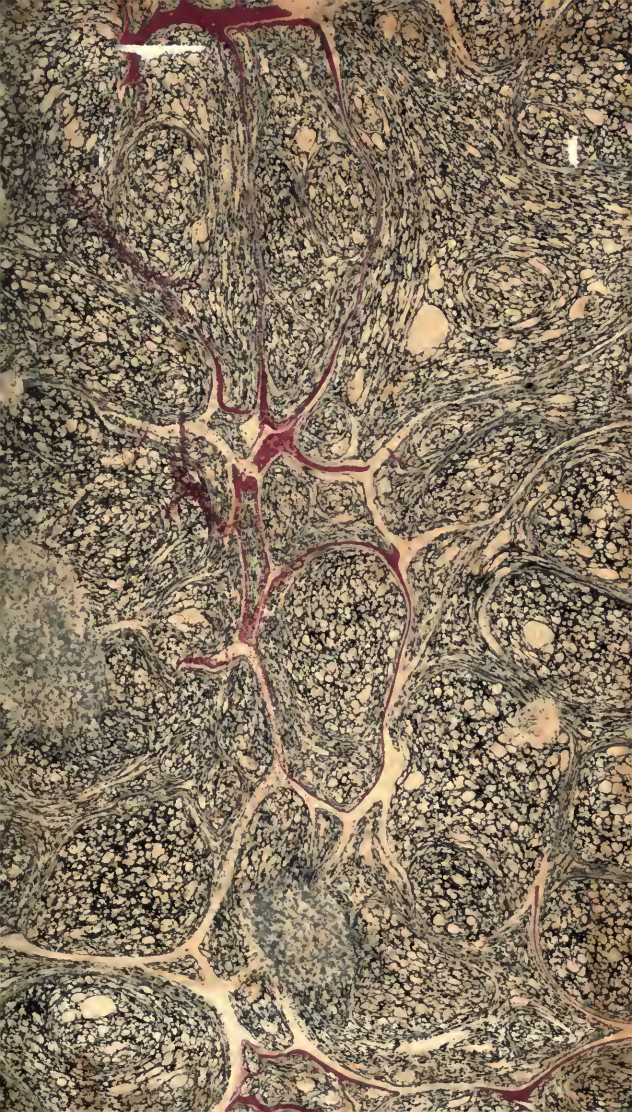

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CALVARY;

OR,

THE DEATH OF CHRIST.

A POEM,

IN EIGHT BOOKS.

BY RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

A new Edition.

VOL. II.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR LACKINGTON, ALLEN, AND CO.
TEMPLE OF THE MUSES, FINSBURY-SQUARE,
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1803.

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CALVARY;

OR,

The Death of Christ.

BOOK V.

his Book, proposing to treat of the trial and condemnation of Christ, opens with an invocation to the Evangelists, the sacred historians of that event.—Christ, brought before the priests and elders in council, accused by the witnesses, interrogated by Caiaphas, persists in keeping silence, till being solemnly called upon to declare himself, he answers by an affirmation of the truth. Instantly all voices are let loose upon him, accusing him of blasphemy and pronouncing him worthy of death: He is delivered over to mockery and insult. The Jews resolve to arraign him before Pilate on the following morning. He turns and looks upon Peter, who according to prediction had three several times denied him. The sorrow and contrition of that Disciple is described; he retires apart to bewail his crime and supplicate forgiveness. His prayer and confession in the temple porch. The council of the Jews resort to Pilate next morning and appeal against Christ. He informs them that by the Roman law no judgment can be given till the accused is confronted with his accusers, and heard in his defence. Now commences the trial of Christ before Pilate, who, finding nothing worthy of death in that just person, refers him to Herod as belonging to his jurisdiction. Herod, after mocking him, arrays him in a gorgeous robe, and in that apparel sends him back to Pilate. He again appears in the judgment hall before Pilate, who after many fruitless efforts to save him, the Jews still urging him by their clamorous importunity to crucify him, finding no other way to prevent a tumult of the people, after declaring himself innocent of the blood of Jesus by the ceremony of washing his hands before the multitude, delivers him to be crucified.

CALVARY.

BOOK V.

THE CONDEMNATION OF CHRIST.

Ye sacred Guides, whose plain unvarnish'd page,
Penn'd by the hand of Truth, records the scene,
Where Christ before the bar of impious men,
Patient of all their scorn, arraign'd, betray'd
And of his own abandon'd, silent stands,
You I invoke; so from the same pure source,
Whence my faith flows, shall also flow my song,
Not idly babbling, like that shallow rill
Trickling at foot of the Parnassian Mount,
But deep, serene, to hallow'd airs attun'd:
Aid me from Heav'n, where now before God's throne
In evangelic attributes ye stand

Six-wing'd and thick bespangled o'er with eyes,
Ranging all points before you and behind,
Seraphic minstrels, chanting day and night
Your ceaseless hallelujahs to the name
Of Him, who was and is and is to come.
Led by your hand with trembling step I press
The sacred ground, which my Redeemer trode,
Now like a lamb to slaughter led, and now
Pendent, Oh horror! on the bloody tree;
And whilst to tell his sacrifice of love,
His soul-dissolving agonies I strive,
My heart melts into sorrows deep as those,
When the sad daughters of Jerusalem
Water'd his passage to the cross with tears.
Musing my pious theme, as fits a bard
Far onward in the wint'ry track of age,
I shun the Muses haunts, nor dalliance hold
With fancy by the way, but travel on
My mournful road, a pilgrim grey with years;

One that finds little favor with the world,
Yet thankful for it's least benevolence
And patient of it's taunts; for never yet
Lur'd I the popu'lar ear with gibing tales,
Or sacrific'd the modesty of song,
Harping lewd madrigals at drunken feasts
To make the vulgar sport and win their shout.
Me rather the still voice delights, the praise
Whisper'd, not publish'd by fame's braying trump:
Be thou my herald, Nature! Let me please
The sacred few, let my remembrance live
Embosom'd by the virtuous and the wise; [lov'd:
Make me, O Heav'n! by those, who love thee,
So when the widow's and the children's tears
Shall sprinkle the cold dust, in which I sleep
Pompless and from a scornful world withdrawn,
The laurel, which it's malice rent, shall shoot
So water'd into life, and mantling throw
It's verdant honors o'er my grassy tomb.

Here in mid-way of my unfinish'd course,
Doubtful of future time whilst now I pause
To fetch new breath and trim my waining lamp,
Fountain of Life, if I have still ador'd
Thy mercy and remember'd Thee with awe
Ev'n in my mirth, in the gay prime of youth—
So conscience witnesses, the mental scribe,
That registers my errors, quits me here—
Propitious Pow'r, support me! and if death,
Near at the farthest, meditates the blow
To cut me short in my prevented task,
Spare me a little, and put by the stroke,
Till I recount his overthrow and hail
Thy Son victorious rising from the grave.
Now to that dismal scene return, my thoughts!
Where CHRIST in midst of an irreverent crew,
Usher'd by torches through the darkling streets,
And now at summit of the holy Mount
Arriv'd, before the pontiff's lofty gate,

Waiting the call of impious pride, attends.
The halls and lobbies vomit forth a swarm
Of saucy servitors with ideot stare
Gazing the wond'rous Man, and venting loud
Their coward mockeries: He stands unmov'd.
Great is the stir within, and on the post
Through all the palace runs the buzzing news
Of this great Prophet's capture, circling round
With ever new enlargement of strange sights
And fearful doings in the garden seen
Of those who took him. CAIAPHAS meanwhile
Summons the Temple-chiefs, elders and scribes,
A hasty Sanhedrim: No longer now
With stately step in measur'd pace they march;
Huddled together by their fears they flock,
They cluster in a throng, safest so deem'd,
And fill the council seats. In speech abrupt
And brief their hierarch the cause expounds
Of their so sudden meeting—CHRIST is seiz'd,

The Prophet, whom they dreaded, is in hold,
Th' Enchanter, who by league with Beelzebub
Scar'd them with magic spells, is at their door;
Now is the time to put his art to proof,
Now is the moment to decide if thus
Their unreveal'd Messias shall appear
After long promise in this abject state
A shackled pris'ner, or a conquering king.
Admit him ! with faint voice some two or three
Of the least timorous cry.—Behold, he comes !
The rabble throng rush in, and at the bar
Of the immur'd divan present him bound
With cords, his raiment soil'd with hands profane,
His head uncover'd and his sacred locks
By the rude winds and ruder men despoil'd
Of their propriety, dishevell'd, spread
Like shatter'd fragments on the branching top
Of piny Lebanon after a storm.

Silence now reign'd, the roar of tongues was hush'd,

And expectation with suspended breath
Sate watchful when some sign or word of power
Should in a miracle break forth upon them.
None such that patient Sufferer vouchsaf'd,
Nor menace nor complaint his eye bespake,
But meek serene composure. Noting this,
As cowards out of danger loudest vaunt,
The council now took heart: Then soon were heard
The lying tongues of witnesses suborn'd
Various and loud; but these no order kept;
Falsehood with falsehood clash'd, and each to each
Irreconcileable, as all to truth:
Shame held the council mute, for vilest hearts,
Cloak'd in the robes of judgment, will affect
Some outward shew of what they ought to be,
Then most malicious when most seeming just.
Confusion now ensu'd and perjury
In it's own labyrinth had lost itself,
When some of graver note within the pale

Of justice seated, but far thence remov'd
In conscience and in heart, started new charge,
Averring they had heard the Pris'ner say—
I will destroy this temple made with hands,
And within three days will another build [urg'd,
Made without hands.—The charge was gravely
And, color'd to the semblance of a plot,
Breath'd sacrilegious menace to God's house,
Fit matter for descant pontifical:
When CAIAPHAS, as foremost in degree
So first to sound forth danger and affix
Solemnity to malice, from his state
With magisterial dignity arose,
And sternly fixing on the face divine
His eye inquisitorial, thus began. [charge
Hear'st thou what these alledge? The words in
Stand witness'd by these present: Face to face
Th' accusers they and thou th' accused meet:
Justice is open. What is thy defence?

Answerest thou nothing?—Nothing answer'd he,
But as a lamb before it's shearers mute
He open'd not his mouth; the mystery couch'd
Under those words, prophetic of his death
And following resurrection, to expound
To their perverted minds beseem'd not him,
Searcher of hearts and Savior of mankind:
Silent not pertinacious he endur'd
Their scorn, nor did his meek demeanour shew
More than the dignity of conscious truth,
Which knows itself prejudg'd and scorns a plea.
But CAIAPHAS, who brook'd not this repulse,
And still occasion sought from his own lips
By subtlety to' ensnare him, thus re-urg'd
Question with solemn adjuration back'd.
Hear me, thou man accus'd, and answer make
I do adjure thee by the living God
To what I now demand. Art thou the CHRIST,
The very CHRIST, Son of th' eternal God,

Or art thou not? Resolve us who thou art!
Then Jesus by this solemn adjuration urg'd,
Lifting his eyes to heav'n in mute appeal,
Whilst all his Father's virtue in his face
Effulgent beam'd, these glorious words pronounc'd;
Hear them, O heav'n, and Oh! record them, earth,
Write them, ye mortals, on your hearts—I am,
I am the Christ; all that you ask I am;
And ye shall see me coming in the clouds
Of heav'n, enthron'd at the right hand of Power.
As when on rapine bent a savage horde
Arab or Indian, in some sandy dell
Or by the sedgy lake in ambush lodg'd,
Upon the watch-word by their leader giv'n
Leap from their treach'rous lair with sudden yell
And bloody weapons waving to suprize
And overpower th' unguarded traveller,
Fatally trapp'd into their murderous snare;
So at the signal of their priestly chief

Uprose the dire divan with rushing sound,
Like roar of distant waters. Terror-struck,
Frantic as Bromius, with furious hands
Th' enthusiastic hierarch seiz'd his robes,
And into tatters like a cancell'd scroll
Tore them, exclaiming vehement and loud
That all might hear—What need of further proof?
Ye' have heard his blasphemy. How think ye, sirs?
What may such crime deserve? Th' infuriate priests
Seiz'd by like phrensy with one voice pronounce—
Death be his sentence!—Death through all the hall
Rebounding echoes back th' accurs'd decree.
Horrible sentence! Murder hatch'd in hell;
Libation for the fiends; Dæmons, on you
And on your generations to all time
His righteous blood shall rest. Now uproar wild
And horrid din succeeds: The scoffing crowd
Rush to the bar, so privileg'd, and there
With scurril taunts and blasphemies revile

The patient Son of God. Oh thought of horror !
The Savior of mankind revil'd by man,
The Just by th' unjust ! Others more profane
Vent their vile rheum upon his sacred face,
Or smite him with their palms, then gibing cry—
Tell us who smote thee ; prophesy, thou CHRIST !
Monsters, that CHRIST hath prophesied, your doom
Already by that Prophet is pronounc'd,
The lips you strike have utter'd it : Behold !
Jerusalem is fall'n, her towers are dust,
Your city smokes in ruin : Lo ! what piles
Of mangled carcases ; what horrid scenes
Of violated matrons : Hark ! what screams
Of infants butcher'd in their mothers arms ;
And look ! your temple blazes to the sky ;
It's beams of cedar overlaid with gold,
It's fretted roof with carvings rich emboss'd,
And all it's glorious splendor feeds the flames
Insatiate ; mark how high their serpent spires

Hissing ascend: God fans them in his ire:
Thither the wild beasts of the desert hie,
There carrion owls by midnight haunt, there dwells
The dragon, and the satyrs dance: 'Tis done!
That prophecy is seal'd. There yet remains
An awful consummation unreveal'd,
Till God shall gather up your scatter'd race
Still vagrant o'er th' inhospitable earth.
Ah! wretched people, broken and dispers'd,
Did ye preserve the oracles of God
But to convict your own obduracy?
Sad nation, on whose neck the iron yoke
Of persecution hard, too hard, hath lain,
And yet lies heavy, will ye not accept
A High Priest, holy, harmless, undefil'd,
From sinners sep'rate and exalted high
Above the heavens? And do ye not perceive
The word of Jesus in yourselves fulfill'd?
Rue then the prophecy, which you provok'd,

Of faithless fathers ye still faithless sons!
Whilst shuddering I recount the impious taunts
Of that blaspheming rout: But neither taunts
Nor violence could shake the Savior's peace;
He in his own pure spi'rit collected stood,
Nor of their base revilings took account.

'Twas now that CHRIST, knowing himself denied
Three times of PETER, turn'd and look'd upon him.
He from the garden, where his Lord was seiz'd,
Following at distance JUDAS and his band,
Had kept his eye upon their moving fires,
And up the sacred mount pursued their track,
Till at the palace-door he stood and sought
Admission with the crowd; when there behold!
A damsel at the portal scans him o'er
With scrutinizing eye and strait exclaims—
Thou too wert in this Galilean's train;
Thou art of JESUS.—Sudden to his heart
The coward tremor runs and there suggests

The fear-conceived lye; before them all
With confidence to falsehood ill applied—
I know not what thou say'st—he straight avers,
And to the porch goes forth: There in his ear
The cock his first shrill warning gives and sings
The knell of constancy's predicted breach,
Of constancy, alas! too strongly vouch'd
By him in rash and over-weening zeal,
Boasting like martyrdom with Christ himself,
Sole sacrifice appointed for mankind.
But he, though of presumption warn'd, by fear
Still haunted and the guilty dread of death,
Strait to a second questioner replies—
I do not know the man—and to engage
Belief, binds down the falsehood with an oath,
Fatal appeal to Heav'n! insult to God
And His all-righteous ears! Is this the man,
Who with such glowing ardor self-assur'd—
Though all shall be offended, I will not—

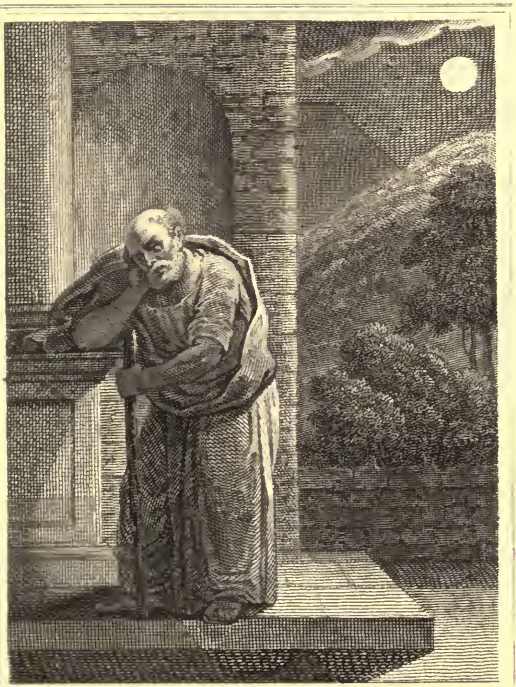
Proudly averr'd, and for that pride reprov'd—
Though I should die with thee, dauntless rejoin'd,
Yet will I not deny thee—? Man, weak man,
Pride was not made for thee. If PETER fell
Presuming, who shall say, Behold ! I stand
In my own strength nor ask support of God?
And now, as if devoted to his shame,
Curious to pry, yet fearful to be seen,
He mixes with the throng that crowd the hall ;
And there once more is challeng'd for his speech,
As savo'ring of the Galilean phrase ;
Then with reiterated oaths abjures
His Master the third time ; when hark ! again
The cock's loud signal echoes back the lye
In his convicted ear ; the prophet bird
Strains his recording throat, and up to heav'n
Trumpets the trebled perjury and claps
His wings in triumph o'er presumption's fall.
Oh ! fall'n how low, is this thy promis'd faith,

Favor'd of CHRIST so highly? Know'st thou not,
Disciple, thine own Lord? or know'st him only
In safety, in prosperity, in power,
For thine own selfish ends, a summer guest,
Prone to desert him in the wint'ry hour
Of tribulation, poverty and woe?
Is thy frail memory of that slippery stuff,
That a friend's sorrow washes out all trace
Of a friend's features? Look upon his eyes!
Behold, they turn on thee: Them dost thou know?
Their language canst thou read and from them draw
The conscious reminiscence thou disown'st?
Mark, is their sweetness lost? Ah! no; they beam
Celestial grace, a sanctity of soul
So melting soft with pity, such a gleam
Of love divine attemp'ring mild reproof,
Where is the man, that to obtain that eye
Of mercy on his sins would not forego
Life's dearest comforts to embrace such hope?

O death, death! where would be thy sting, or where
These awful tremblings, which thy coming stirs
In my too conscious breast, might I aspire
To hope my Judge would greet me with that look?
Vaunt not yourselves, ye scorners, nor exult
In this recital of a good man's fall,
Faithful historian of his own offence:
But rather let it physic your proud spleen
To mark how mean, prevaricating, false
And despicable a vain-glorious man.
Peter's denial, David's heinous sin,
And all the guilty lapses of man's heart,
Though summ'd together into one account,
Each spot and blemish malice can search out
To tarnish the fair lustre of a name,
Stand but as lessons of humility,
Warnings of frailty to o'er-weening man;
And if our mournful page hath now set forth
The fall of virtue, let it next record

It's glorious resurrection : We have shewn
The' offender in his shame, what now remains
But to display the penitent ? Behold !
Abash'd he stands bath'd in remorseful tears :
One glance from his beloved Master's eye,
Like Nathan's parable, hath rous'd from sleep
His drowsy conscience. Mark, where he retires
To weep in solitude and purge his heart
By sorrowful repentance of it's guilt.
O PETER, could my verse fit offering make,
That verse should be bestow'd upon thy tears
Now the assembled elders and their chief,
After short consultation had, resolve
With the next dawn of morning to arraign
Their Prisoner at the prætorian bar
Of PILATE, procurator for the state
Imperial of Rome and Cæsar ; he
Held judgment sovereign of life and death
In tributary Jewry, judge corrupt,

And like Rome's venal emissaries prone
To every sordid purpose; train'd in blood
And for tribunal bloody therefore fit.
  Meanwhile forth issuing from the fatal hall,
Scene of his shame, the sad Disciple took
His pensive way across the temple-court
Silent and solitary, seeking where
To' unbosom his full sorrows and give up
His soul to pray'r, and pardon seek of God
For his revolt. Pale through night's curtain gleam'd
By fits the lunar intermittent ray,
That quiv'ring serv'd to light his lonely steps
To the fair gate call'd Beautiful, whose porch
High over-arch'd, on writhed columns propp'd
Of spiral brass convolv'd, was for it's shade
Of CHRIST and his disciples much in quest.
  Hither he came, and falling on his knees,
Like th' humble publican smote on his breast,
And this confession self-accusing made.



W.Brown inv.ᵗ J.Neagle sculp.

Peter at the Gate of the Temple.

Book 5.v.366.

Published Nov.ʳ 1.1800, by Lackington, Allen, & Cᵒ Temple of the Muses

Here let me fall and in repentant tears
Weep out my soul upon these piti'less stones,
Made sacred by His steps, whose awful name
Thrice blasphem'd, thrice abjur'd, I dare not speak,
Though in my supplication. Can I say,
Spare me, O God of mercy? Can I ask
Pardon of God, unpardon'd of myself?
Oh! wretched recreant creature as I am,
What shall redeem me from this misery,
And reconcile my conscience to itself,
A perjur'd conscience? Never more can peace
Dwell in this bosom; never can my soul
Ascend out of the dust, or lift a thought
In hope tow'rds heav'n. With JUDAS let me dwell,
Colleague in treason; with his sin my sin
In the' execration of all time be link'd.
Or shall I venture to look up and say,
O God, behold a wretch, who dares not sue
For mercy but for mitigated wrath,

For punishment proportion'd to my bearing,
Protracted, not too sudden, lest it take
My senses from me and with them all power
Of meditation, penance and atonement?
Spare me a little to abhor myself;
And if the arrow, which my conscience drives
Into this guilty heart, draws not enough
Of it's vile blood to purify what's left,
Let the strong hand of justice force it home
And finish me at once. Was I not warn'd
Of my presumption, and a signal set
To number my denials, when I swore
Never to swerve but follow him to death?
Mine, like ISCARIOT'S, was predicted sin:
I spar'd not him, I call'd his wilful guilt,
Obstinate malice; and can I now urge
Necessity my plea? All things are known
To CHRIST; the evil motions of my will
He saw, not over-rul'd: I might have pray'd

For grace, support, prevention; I pray'd not,
But heedless of the prophecy and blind
Rush'd into sin prepense, self-will'd, self-lost.
What fascination seiz'd me to draw forth
The sword in rash defence of Him, whose word
Legions of Angels could have call'd from heav'n?
And what prevaricating dæmon breath'd
The lye into my lips, when the same night,
Nay, the same hour, that saw me prompt to' oppose
My life to danger, saw me meanly shrink
From what I courted, and behind a lye
Three times repeated like a coward sculk?
And did I not know CHRIST whom I denied?
Did I not know the Master whom I serv'd,
Who call'd me to him, pour'd into my heart
His heav'nly doctrines, rais'd my lowly thoughts
From the mean drudgery of a fisher's trade,
And taught me in the energy of faith
To walk upon that sea, in which ere-while

I dragg'd the net and toil'd for daily bread?
O memory, once my glory, now my curse,
To what sad purpose do I call thee home,
Absent in danger, present in despair?
Is there a wonder done of CHRIST on earth
I have not witness'd? Did I not behold
Dead Lazarus revive at his command?
What shall I say to him, whom I saw die,
When living he arraigns me face to face?
What answer make to those, whom I have serv'd
From one small wallet with the bread of thousands?
The very blind, ere they receiv'd their sight,
Saw more than I, and hail'd him LORD and CHRIST.
Who shall believe when I renounce belief?
The very dev'ils own Him whom I denied.
Can I call these accurst, whose impious cry
Dooms him to death; who smite him with their palms
Blaspheming? Harder than their hands my heart.
Wretch, 'twas my false tongue train'd them on to mur-

On me, me only all their sin rebounds :
I stand condemn'd, they free. Can I forget
How oft my lips confess'd him Son of God ?
Perish that tongue, which could revoke it's faith,
Disown confession and belie my heart.
Denied of me on earth, when in the clouds
Of heav'n he comes at the right hand of Pow'r,
And sends his Angels with the trumpet's sound
To gather his elect from the four winds,
When, as a shepherd culling out his flock,
To separate all nations and divide
The good from evil he proceeds, Ah ! then,
Then will he not retort the fatal words
First us'd of me, I know thee not ! Depart,
Thou wicked servant, into outer darkness,
There weep and gnash thy teeth in fires prepar'd
For SATAN and his outcast crew accurst ?
Thus he all night with deep remorse o'erwhelm'd.
Mournfully kneeling at God's temple-gate,

Bewail'd his crime and supplication made
For pardon; and let after-times attest
How full a portion of God's spi'rit abode
In this blest Penitent, when with the sound
Of rushing mighty winds it was pour'd down
On him and on his fellows, thence install'd
Apostles, and with gifted tongues inspir'd
To speak all languages and preach the Word
Of CHRIST throughout the whole converted world.
Here in this very spot, where now he kneels
Repentant, fill'd ere long with pow'r divine,
He bade the cripple in the name of CHRIST
Rise up and walk: He at the word in sight
Of all the people rose and stood and walk'd
And in the temple gave loud praise to God.
Then let not his offence, pardon'd of God,
By man but for example's sake be nam'd,
And once more, hail, thou renovated Saint!
Made brighter by repentance: Enter thou

Into thy Master's joy once more ; resume
Thine apostolic primacy, and feed,
Shepherd of CHRIST deputed, feed his flock.
Nor shall thy faith once faulter, nor thy zeal
Shrink from the test of martyrdom, reserv'd
To glorify thy Master on the cross.

Now morning from her cloudy barrier forth
Advancing crimson'd all the flecker'd East,
As blushing to lead on the guilty day.
With the first dawn the wakeful elders meet,
Short council hold, for little time suffic'd
To take their voices, whose relentless minds
In the same bloody league were banded all ;
And now unanimous with their high priest
In stately grave procession forth they march
To find their heathen judge, and at his bar
Arraign the Holy One.—But check, my heart,
Thine indignation ; let the verse proceed !—
Him in his seat of judgment high enthron'd,

With axes and with lictors round embay'd
In martial state, with reverence they salute,
And lowly stoop their tributary heads
To his vice-gerent majesty: With smile
Of condescending favor he accepts
Their abject greeting, and to his right hand
Their chief advances; others in their ranks
And orders he disposes; then with feign'd
Solicitude, as if to seek the cause
Of this concerted meeting, he begins.

What cause so weighty brings JEHOVAH's priest
With these wise elders and time-honor'd scribes
Thus early to seek justice at my bar?
Appeal so reverend, with such leader grac'd
And by such followers witness'd, well demands
Of Cæsar's servant his most equal ear.

Whereto the' high priest, second to none in craft,
With solemn accent and demeanor grave
Masking his base collusion, thus replies.

When he, whose hand the sword of justice sways,
Her balance also holds in equal poise
Over this realm provincial, we have cause
To thank the master of our liberties,
Who by such delegation of his power
Makes light that yoke, which else would gall our necks,
Though Cæsar lays it on us: Then let praise
Be giv'n to Cæsar for the love we bear
To Pontius Pilate. Have I leave to say,
That we your servants, a peculiar race,
Pay worship to one God and hold at heart
As sacred that commandment handed down
From our forefathers, which for ever makes
His undivided Unity the creed
Of all our nation; and whoe'er blasphemes
His name and controverts our holy faith,
Dies by our law? This sentence we have pass'd,
But execution staid, so bound in duty,
Upon a certain Nazarite, by name

JESUS, obscure of birth, but of our peace
No slight disturber; for the common herd,
A monster as you know with many heads,
And every head with twice as many ears
Itching for novelties, have rais'd this man
To dang'rous eminence; and for he cheats
Their gross credulity with juggling sleights,
Which they call miracles, have blown his pride
To such a monstrous bulk, he now scales heaven,
There seats himself—Oh! where shall I find words
To speak his blasphemy?—at God's right hand,
His Son, his equal, sharer of his throne,
Judge of the world. If this be not a crime
For death to expiate we are slaves indeed,
And every statute, ordinance and law
Rome leaves inviolate, JESUS shall break
Unpunish'd: Nor is this, dread sir, the whole
Of his presumption; mark, I pray, the heighth
To which his phrensy rages, mark his threat!

He will put down this temple in three days
And in like time with hands invisible
Erect another.—Patron of our laws,
Fountain of justice! ought this man to live?
Such madness breath'd into our peoples minds
Will spur them to the deed, break every band
That ties them down to order, and turn loose
Their fury not on us alone but Rome,
Not on our temple only but perhaps
On this tribunal, which Heav'n guard! And now
Take the whole matter of our charge at once:
This JESUS hath pronounc'd himself a king,
Our king, your master's rival: You best know
If your great empe'ror abdicates his right
To our allegiance, which we fain would hold,
Where we have vow'd it, to imperial Cæsar,
Not to this mean mechanic, Joseph's son.
This is our plea, O PONTIUS, why we claim
Justice against the pris'ner, who now waits

Your sentence under guard and bound, as fits
Delinquent so atrocious: I have said.
To him the Roman—Be it known to all,
The sentence, which you urge against the life
Of your now absent pris'ner, cannot pass
By practice of our law, till face to face
With his accusers he shall stand at bar,
And licence have to answer for himself
Touching the crime in charge; therefore these words,
Which you have largely spent, are spent in air,
Else might the ear of justice be forestall'd
By the empleader's charge, and so perchance
Let fall the axe upon the guiltless head.
Much knowledge of your laws I cannot boast,
Nor with these learned scribes hold argument;
For so much therefore as to them pertains
I on the part of Cæsar am no judge;
His tributes, his supremacy and rights
Disputed or oppos'd I shall uphold

'Gainst all offenders. Let th' accus'd appear!
This said, behold the blessed Son of God
Dragg'd to a pagan bar! There whilst he stood
A spectacle of pity, patient, meek,
Submitted to his fate, PILATE, who knew
Him innocent and his accusers false,
Envious and cruel, ey'd him o'er and o'er,
And as he ponder'd in his mind how base
The sentence he was now requir'd to give,
Some sparks of Roman virtue, not quite dead
Though faintly felt in his degene'rate breast,
Revolted from the deed: Soft was the touch,
Though ineffectual, which sweet pity gave
To his stern heart: He wish'd, yet knew not how,
To' unfold the gates of mercy, and through them,
Let pass the rescued Innocent to life;
The son of Epicurus could no more.
Upon the Sufferer's brow serene he saw
Where innocence and sanctity enthron'd

Sate visible and claim'd his just award:
He turn'd him to th' accusers and beheld
Such malice, as brought up to view a groupe
Of his own furies from their fabled hell;
Then with a frown he cries—What law is your's,
Which makes this man a culprit ere he's tried? 626
Unmanacle his limbs! A Roman judge
Hears no man plead in shackles; he, who speaks
In life's defence hath call for every aid
That Nature can bestow, free use of limbs, 630
Action and utterance to grace his cause,
And hold him up against the world's contempt:
I will not hear a man that pleads in bonds.
Cut those vile cords asunder: Set him loose!
And now our blessed Lord, his arms releas'd 635
From the harsh thongs, which the malignant Jews
Had bound about them, 'gan to re-compose
His decent vesture and with calm survey
To note his persecutors, those dire priests

W. Bro[illegible]

J. Neagle sculp.

Satan hurld into the bottomless Pit.

Book 3. v. 635.

And cruel hypocrites that bay'd him round.
In every breast transparent to his eye
Malice and craft and envy he discern'd:
In PILATE's face the shifting hues bespoke
Internal strife of passions all in arms,
Combat 'twixt good and evil: In his hand
He held a scroll, which with intentive eye
And thoughtful brow, deep pondering he perus'd:
The writing well he knew, but the contents,
Thus worded, much perplex'd his wav'ring thoughts.
" O Pilate, if thy wife was ever held
" In honor, love or trust, I do adjure thee
" This once take warning from her voice inspir'd
" To snatch thee from destruction. Oh! withhold
" Thine hand from that just person, harm not him,
" That holy JESUS, who now stands before thee;
" Touch not his sacred life, or on thine head
" A fearful judgment thou shalt else pull down:
" A mighty Pow'r protects him, what I know not,

" But mightier sure than all the Gods of Rome;
" For I have seen his glory in a dream,
" And dreams descend from heav'n. Pilate, beware!"
Such was the warning scroll he now perus'd,
Ev'n on the judgment seat, by timely hand
Sent for his rescue: Happy! had he turn'd
His heart so warn'd to justice, and obey'd
The visitation of the spi'rit vouchsaf'd:
But he, like Cæsar, deem'd his manhood pledg'd
To make slight 'count of a weak woman's dream:
Yet much confus'd, uncertain and perplex'd
He look'd around, and saw all eyes upon him:
The Jews impatient, JESUS at the bar,
Prepar'd for trial: What shall he resolve?
Break up the court and judgment put aside
For a mere vapor, for no better plea
Than to indulge a woman's fond caprice,
And bid the law stand still and wait the time
" Till PILATE's wife shall meet with better dreams?"

Such scorn he dar'd not to provoke, and now
Loud murmurs fill'd his ear: Compell'd to rise,
Though uncollected, and in mind disturb'd,
He thus address'd the LORD.—Art thou a king,
And of this nation, who accuse thee to me,
King of the Jews?—Thou say'st it, JESUS cried:
But say'st thou of thyself this thing, or taught
Of others art thou prompted so to speak?—
Am I a Jew? the fault'ring judge replied;
Not I, but these, who if thou wert a king
Were thine own subjects, elders, priests and scribes,
These have accus'd thee. Not of them am I;
Nor in this business covet further share,
Than on the part of justice to demand, [charge?
What hast thou done? How answer'st thou their
Of this world were my kingdom, said our LORD,
My servants would defend their King, and fight
To save me from my' oppressors: But I reign
Not on this earth, nor is my pow'r from hence.

Art thou a king then?—interpos'd the judge:—
Thou say'st, cried JESUS, that I am a king;
And truly to this purpose was I born,
And for this cause came I into the world,
That I should witness bear unto the Truth;
And all, that to the Truth belong, hear me.—
What is the Truth? said PILATE, but his voice
Now falter'd and his thoughts unsettled, wild
And driv'n at random like a wreck, could grasp
No helm of reason; only this he knew
There was no fault before him: This aloud
To all he publish'd, and pronounc'd him clear.
Whereat with rage and disappointment stung,
Furious as wolves defrauded of their prey,
Uprose the priests appellant, and afresh
Urge o'er and o'er their aggravating charge,
Forging new falsehoods and re-forging old:
The Preacher of forbearance, peace and love,
Perverter of the nation now they call,

Fomenter of sedition, spreading wide
From Galilee, the cradle of his birth,
Throughout all Jewry to the capital;
Where now assuming to himself the name,
Prerogative and state of King and CHRIST,
He stirreth up the people to revolt,
Forbidding them to pay their rightful dues
Of tribute to Rome's emperor, himself
Exalting above Cæsar. This and more
In the like strain of virulence, with lips
In aspic venom steep'd they now depose;
Nor had they brought their malice to a pause,
When PILATE, hoping he had now found plea
To shift the dreaded sentence from himself,
Thus interposing check'd their clam'rous spleen.
Break off, and let your tongues take rest awhile:
It is not at this bar you must emplead
This man, a Galilean as it seems:
Whom, being such, it is not mine to hear

But HEROD's: Let his special tetrarch judge
'Twixt him and you: Thither remit your suit.
This said, he rose preventing all reply,
Whilst they, though by procrastination gall'd,
Yet of their tetrarch confident, submit:
But nor with HEROD could their malice speed
To it's main purpose: Little care had he
For all their priestly clamor; in his thoughts
Religion had no interest, truth no weight:
For prophets and for prophecies no ear
Had he, alike regardless how CHRIST preach'd,
Or they complain'd; yet much he wish'd to see
Some splendid miracle of him perform'd,
Something to strike his senses with surprize
And satisfy a wanton curiosity,
Made eager by the fame of those great works,
Whereof he much had heard and nothing seen.
But when our LORD to all his questions mute
Nor word nor sign vouchsaf'd to wrath impell'd,

What by enticements he had fail'd to gain
By taunts he hop'd to' extort; and now his spleen
To impious scorn and mockery gave the rein:
Forthwith his Pris'ner in a gorgeous robe
Apparel'd as a king, to all his court
Held up for sport and laughter, he expos'd.
Loud was the roar of blasphemy the whilst,
And wild the revels of the scoffing throng
As the lewd orgies of the frantic god,
Or clamor of that sacrilegious rout,
When their mad rage the Thracian minstrel tore,
Whose wonder-working harp could charm the ear
Of hell and call dead nature into life.
The priests look'd on and grinn'd malicious joy;
Yet would not HEROD execution doom;
Or willing to appease the jealousy
Of PILATE, or content to mark his scorn
Of JESUS by this arrogant display
Of mercy, as not dreading whom he spar'd.

Now once again at PILATE's bar he stands,
Not as before like malefactor tied
And round begirt with cords, but overlaid
With a rich load of sumptuous mockery ;
A lamb compell'd to carry the proud spoils
And guilty trappings of the ty'rannous wolf.
Again the judge with slow unwilling step
To his tribunal mounts and thus he speaks.
You still persist to bring this man to me
As a perverter of your nation's faith
And loyalty : Your witnesses I've heard,
Ponder'd their depositions and throughout
Examin'd ev'ry tittle of your charge :
Him too I've question'd in the ears of all
Here present, and no shadow of offence
Can I discern to warrant your appeal
For execution, and pass judgment on him :
No, nor yet HEROD, for to him I sent
You and your pris'ner, and behold him freed,

Nothing is done unto him worthy death:
I will chastise him therefore and release;
Yet this chastisement rather to allay
Your anger, than so merited of him,
I shall inflict. Remember this your feast
Hath the long plea of custom to be mark'd
With pardon and forbearance: To reprieve
One culprit from his sentence I am bound
No less by inclination than by rule
And usage immemorial: Make your choice!
But let it fall on innocence not guilt.
Instant all voices echo'd forth a cry—
Hence with this man! away with him to death!
Give us the murd'rer, set Barabbas free:
Let JESUS perish! Wherefore; for what crime?
PILATE exclaim'd: What evil hath he done?
No cause of death in JESUS can I find,
Be witness for me, justice, none in him;
But for that wretch, on whom ye would bestow

Pardon misplac'd so various are his crimes,
So black their quality, ye cannot name
A death more terrible than he deserves.
Take of the guiltless blood what stripes can draw
To satisfy your longing, but forbear
To take the life, if not for pity's sake,
In honour of yourselves, that ye may say,
There was one prophet, whom ye did not kill.
Loud as the winds that lash the raging seas
And all as deaf, redoubling now the roar,
Th' infuriate Jews rend their blaspheming throats,
Howling for blood; 'till deafen'd with the din
Of, Crucify him! crucify him! dreadful cry,
PILATE, who 'twixt their tumult and the death
Of that just Person saw no middle course,
By which t' escape, one solemn act prepar'd,
By expiatory washing of his hands
In presence of the multitude, to purge
His soul, and thereof God alone is judge,

From the pure blood of that devoted Lamb.
Behold! he cries, I pour this water forth,
And therein make ablution of my soul
From all participation in your crime,
By washing of my hands from every stain
Of this inhuman sacrifice, each spot
And sprinkling of this guiltless Victim's blood.
Rest on your heads the murder! I am clean.
This said, he turn'd and fix'd a pitying look
Upon the LORD; then sigh'd and gave the word:
Eager as hounds, when slipp'd upon their prey,
In rush the throng, and soon the hissing scourge
Whirl'd with impetuous swing aloud resounds
Gashing that sacred flesh, whose bleeding stripes
Heal'd our sin-wounded souls; upon his brow
A thorny crown they fix, whose tortu'ring spikes,
Thrust rudely in by sacrilegious hands,
Furrow his temples and with crimson streams
Cover his face divine: Him thus abus'd,

Mangled with stripes and all o'er bath'd in blood,
In purple robe they scornfully array
And drag to public view.—Behold the man !—
PILATE proclaim'd with horror in his voice
And out-stretch'd arm, that pointed to a sight,
Which had to pity mov'd their steely hearts,
Had they not been of metal forg'd by fiends
And temper'd in the sternest fires of hell.
Dry-ey'd, as rock of adamant unmov'd,
Obdurate to his sorrows they look'd on,
Nor from their crucifying clamor ceas'd,
Till PILATE, now all hope for JESUS lost,
Yielding to their tumultuous fury, cried,
Take him and do your bloody work yourselves:
Impose it not on me ; I find no cause
Of death, no fault in JESUS. Take ye him
And crucify him ! Of his guiltless blood
Lo ! I am innocent : see ye to that !
On us and on our children be his blood !—

Then answer'd all the Jews. Tremendous words,
Tremendously fulfill'd! And now afresh
They clamor for the cross; when thus the judge—
Would you that I should crucify your king?—
We have no king but Cæsar, they rejoin,
Nor art thou Cæsar's friend to spare this man.—
'Twas past; to that dread name the Roman bow'd
Obedient, and from his sad heart sigh'd forth
Th' extorted doom—Death to the LORD OF LIFE!

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

CALVARY;

OR,

The Death of Christ.

BOOK VI

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

Judas Iscariot seized with remorse returns the thirty pieces of silver to the priests and departs: Mammon re-assumes the habit of a Levite, and meeting Judas after he had returned the money to the priests, instigates him to destroy himself. That evil spirit now takes wing and repairs to the wilderness, convenes the dæmons from all parts of Palestine, and informing them of Satan's expulsion from earth, warns them by his command to betake themselves to flight before the hour of Christ's crucifixion: This is no sooner announced than the whole infernal host breaks up in disorder and disperses to various parts of the world therein described.—The subject of the Crucifixion is now brought forward: The procession sets out for Mount Calvary; Christ bearing his cross is bewailed by the spectators as he passes: He is seen by Gabriel and the angels with him from the mount, on which they were stationed: He addresses himself to the daughters of Jerusalem: The executioners nail his hands and feet to the cross; the priests revile him and call upon him to come down; one of the malefactors crucified with him casts the same in his teeth; he is reproved by the other, whose penitence is rewarded by the promise of immediate salvation and glory: Christ from the cross recommends his mother to John the beloved disciple: Christ dies: The sun is darkened, the earth quakes, the rocks are rent, and the bodies of the saints and prophets are raised from the dead and appear upon earth: The priests and elders, alarmed by these prodigies, resort to Pilate and demand a guard of Romans to defend the sepulchre, lest the disciples should take away the body of Christ, and pretend that he was risen: Pilate replies, that they have a watch; bids them see to it themselves, and dismisses them.

CALVARY.

BOOK VI.

THE CRUCIFIXION.

"On us and on our children be his blood!"—
Such was your imprecation, O ye Jews,
When in your sight the world's Redeemer stood
Gash'd o'er with wounds, and emptying ev'ry vein
For man's redemption; and behold! it flows,
It whelms upon you in a flood-gate tide;
Steep'd to the lips ye are in all the blood
Of all the righteous shed upon the earth,
From blood of righteous Abel to the blood
Of Zechariah, whom your fathers ston'd
Betwixt the altar and the house of God.
Ye have enough; the mark is on your race;

Ye have drawn down the judgment ye provok'd,
It rests upon you: Yet for you no rest,
No station, no abiding-place is found;
Strangers and weary wand'rers upon earth,
If in the dust of your Jerusalem
With foot proscrib'd ye dare to tread, ye die;
A savage race usurps your sacred mount,
And Jordan echoes an unhallow'd name;
Should ye but stop to shed a filial tear
Upon the soil where your forefathers sleep,
Woe to the circumcis'd that so is found!
Oh! slow of heart, when will ye understand,
That thus afflicted, scatter'd and dispers'd
Through every clime and kingdom of the world
Ye are sent forth to publish, as ye pass,
How truly CHRIST predicted of your fate;
And though your lips deny, your sufferings prove
That prophet JESUS, whom your fathers slew,
Was Savior, Christ, Messias, Son of God.

Amidst the throng that fill'd the judgment-hall
Stood JUDAS; he upon the watch to' avoid
The Master's eye with caution took his post;
Yet was his ear to all that JESUS spake
Still present, and, though few the words, yet strong
And potent of those few the' impressive truth.
There was a magic sweetness in his voice,
A note that seem'd to shiver every nerve
Entwin'd about his heart, though now corrupt,
Debas'd and harden'd. Ill could he abide,
Murderer although he were, the dying tones
Of him, whom he had murder'd: 'Twas the voice
As of a spirit in the air by night
Heard in the meditation of some crime
Or sleep-created in the troubled ear
Of conscience, crying out, Beware! It smote
Upon the soul, for it was CHRIST who spake,
Well then might JUDAS tremble; 'twas the traitor
Listning the plea of innocence betray'd,

Well might that plea awaken his remorse.
When the perverting witnesses depos'd
To crimes, of which he knew his Master free,
The refutation quiver'd on his lips,
And hard he struggled to bring forth the words,
Yet could not, tongue-ty'd with despair and shame.
But if his hearing so alarm'd his heart,
What were his feelings, when at times his eye
Glanc'd on the sacred person of his Lord,
Bound like a felon, his defenceless hands
In manacles confin'd behind his back,
His cheeks with blows sufflated, and his face,
Oh, piteous! with blaspheming slaver stain'd;
Then stripp'd, transform'd, in purple stole array'd,
Saluted with the insolent All-hail,
King of the Jews! a spectacle of sport
And merriment to all the scoffing crowd?
Could heart of man bear this, who had beheld
His miracles, his mercies; prov'd his love,

His patience, his forbearance ; shar'd his cares,
His labors and his watchings ; heard his voice,
When tempest-tost, rebuke the elements,
Though silent now amidst the roar of tongues ?
'Twas all that priestly malice could inflict,
But more than MAMMON's convert could support.
Yet worse had these tormentors in reserve
To agonize his soul, another scene
To shift new horrors on that bloody stage :
The torturing scourge now sounded in his ears,
The mangled flesh flew off in tatter'd stripes,
The crimson stream ran down, the pavement drank
Libation of his immolated blood :
The hall rebellow'd with the echoing cry
Of monsters, who applauded every stroke,
Wolves, vultures, Oh, for words to speak them worse!
Men turn'd to dæmons. Traitor though he were,
Son of perdition, this was all too much.

Take hence, he cried, take back your bribe accurst,

Damn'd price of damning deed! Tell o'er your coin;
Count out your thirty pieces, for each piece
Is thirty thousand daggers to my heart:
Burthen'd too much already with my sins,
I should but into worse damnation sink
Under this mercenary load opprest.
I have betray'd the innocent; too late
For pardon, I am past redemption lost;
Ye may redeem the time, if ye recall
Your fatal condemnation and atone
To that just person ye have doom'd to death;
If not, ye crucify the Lord of Life.
This said, he threw the thirty pieces down
And strait departed; they to his retort
Short answer made remorseless and malign.
And now disburthen'd of his filthy bribe,
It seem'd as though his conscience would permit
A momentary pause for one short gleam
Of hope to visit his benighted soul:

'Twas something like atonement, 'twas one step
Turn'd backward from the precipice of sin
And pointed tow'rds repentance; 'twas the last
Faint effort that reluctant nature made
To struggle 'gainst self-murder; but how vain!
For MAMMON, once the tyrant of man's heart,
Ill brooks expulsion thence, from youth to age,
From age to life's extremest hour he holds
Absolute empire, nor does hell contain
Spirit so jealous of usurp'd command.
He in the bosoms of those impious priests
Held high pre-eminence, and them amidst,
Himself unseen, had noted all that pass'd;
And much indignant to be now abjur'd
Of that compunctious traitor, swift as thought,
Such was his power of motion, took the form
And habit of that Levite first assum'd,
And him close following to the outward hall,
There with these taunting words assail'd his ear.

A losing game, friend JUDAS, thou hast play'd
To set thy soul upon a desperate cast,
And after pay the stake on either side.
What folly is it to be knave by halves!
Who would strike virtue in the face, and then
Ask pardon for the blow; fall off from truth,
Enlist with falsehood and take pay for treason,
Then by a paltry plea of restitution
Think to compound one trespass by another,
Desertion by desertion? Get thee hence,
Thou shame to manhood! wring out the sad dregs
Of thy detested life in hopeless tears,
For thou hast thrown away both worlds at once;
All gain in this, all glory in the next.

And what art thou, cried JUDAS, so to gall
A wounded spirit, wounded by thy arts,
Tempter accurst? Human thou canst not be,
Else thou wouldst find some pity in thy heart
For wretch like me. Who but thyself seduc'd

My loyalty from CHRIST ? Who sapp'd my faith ?
Who fix'd this adder to my breast but thou ?
Thou, dæmon as thou art, hast hurl'd me down
From my high hope to fathomless abyss
Of misery and despair, from heav'n to hell.
Rail not on me, quoth MAMMON, but thyself
And thine own folly ; there the charge were just.
Didst thou not sell thy Master for a bribe ?
My part was faithfully perform'd ; the price
Condition'd for was paid. What wouldst thou more ?
I needed treason, and I sought out thee
As fittest for my purpose : Envious, proud,
Lustful of pelf, a villain ready-made
And ripe for mischief, such I mark'd thee down ;
Nay, and yet better ; for I thought thee whole
And perfect villain with no rotten part
Of penitence to mar thee ; but, behold,
Thou hast deceiv'd me vilely, and hast got
A blinking vice about thee, a perverse

And retrograde depravity of soul,
That makes thee hateful to my sight: Begone!
That thou art wicked put not me to blame;
Hadst thou been constant I had made thee rich,
And riches would have sav'd thee from contempt;
Now thou art poor and loathsome. Hence; avaunt!
One remedy I'll give thee for despair,
This cord, a remnant of thy Master's bonds;
A legacy most opportunely left
To heal thy cares and recompence thy love:
Take, and apply it to it's proper use;
It tied his limbs: Let it encase thy throat.
He said, and stooping, from the pavement took
The cord there left, and hurling it with scorn
To the desponding traitor disappear'd:
Nor did that wretch the fatal gift reject,
But eager seiz'd the instrument of death,
And soon within a darksome vault beneath
The judgment-hall fit solitude he found

And beam appropriate to his desperate use ;
Whereto appendent he breath'd out his soul,
Not daring to put up one prayer for peace
At his dark journey's end ; but trembling, wild,
Confus'd, of reason as of hope bereft,
With heaving breast and ghastly staring eyes
There betwixt heav'n and earth, of both renounc'd,
Hung terrible to sight, a bloated corpse.

Oh ! how shall rash and ignorant man presume
To judge for God, and on his narrow scale
Think to mete out by limits and degrees
Immeasurable mercy ? Who can tell
How high the sorrows of man's suffering heart
Ascend tow'rds heav'n, how swift contrition flies,
What words find passage to the throne of grace,
What in mid-way are lost, dispers'd in air
And scatter'd to the winds ? Oh ! that my harp
Could sound that happy note, which stirs the string
Responsive, that kind Nature hath entwin'd

About the human heart, and by whose clue
Repentance, heav'nly monitress, reclaims
The youthful wanderer from his dang'rous maze
To tread her peaceful paths and seek his God :
So could my fervent my effectual verse
Avail, posterity should then engrave
That verse upon my tomb to tell the world
I did not live in vain. But heedless man,
Deaf to the music of the moral song,
By Mammon or by Belial led from sin
To sin, runs onward in his mad career,
Nor once takes warning of his better guide,
Till at the barrier of life's little span
Arriv'd, he stops : Death opens to his view
A hideous gulph ; in vain he looks around
For the lost seraph Hope ; beside him stands
The tyrant fiend and urges to the brink ;
Behind him black despair with threat'ning frown
And gorgon shield, whose interposed orb

Bars all retreat, and with it's shade involves
Life's brighter prospects in one hideous night.
So JUDAS fell ; so like him every wretch,
By the same filthy Mammon lur'd, shall fall.
Meanwhile the vengeful dæmon unappeas'd,
Pond'ring the warning of his Stygian Lord
Late driv'n from earth, and mindful that the charge
And conduct of hell's host on him devolv'd
Now claim'd his wariest thought, upon the wing
Sets forth full sail to summon his compeers,
As many' as in that quarter might be found,
And them apprize of their foul loss incurr'd
By their great captain's fall, and what dispatch
Behoves them now put forth timely to 'scape
Impending danger of their chief foreseen,
If CHRIST's death-hour should unawares surprize
Them idly station'd, or with curious gaze
Hovering about his cross. So forth he goes ;
But first to spy the land he wheels his flight

Athwart Mount Calvary, and there on guard
A file of heav'nly warriors he descries
Covering the sacred hill, and at their head
GABRIEL in golden panoply array'd,
Arm'd at all points, commander of the band.
The fate of SATAN, and the recent sight
Of CHEMOS' ghastly wound, with guilty fears
Haunting his coward fancy, warn'd him fly
Beyond the range of that strong spear, from which
Spirit more warlike than himself had fled.

As when a pirate galley on the scout,
Roving the seas of some strong-guarded coast,
In bay or inlet moor'd under the lea
Of headland promontory' at anchor spies
A warlike fleet, whose tow'ring masts and sails
Arrang'd for sea bespeak their ready trim,
Down goes the helm at once, the felon crew
Bestir all hands and veer the vessel round
To seaward, then ply oars and sails for life :

So at the sight of that angelic band
The Stygian scout wheel'd round and sped his flight
Sheer to the wilderness on swiftest wing.
There on the watch Azazel haply found
He bade sound forth the loud Satanic trump,
Heard through all Palestine, at call whereof
Spi'rits, to whatever element affix'd,
In troops swift posting on the charmed winds,
Came from all parts; from Sidon and from Tyre
New ris'n amidst the waves; from Gaza's coast,
Meridian limit, to the snow-capt mounts
Hermon and Libanus, and them beyond
From Epidaphne on Orontes' stream,
Fam'd for it's grove prophetic; from the banks
Of Pharphar and Abana, Rimmon's haunts;
From Byblus, where Astarte's wanton train
Howl for the death of Thammuz, yearly lost
And found as oft by the love-frantic dames.
These on the desert heath alighting stand

Obedient to the signal; all around
Expectant of their arch-angelic chief
They cast an anxious look, but look in vain:
Him in far other region they shall find
In chains fast bound amidst eternal fires,
His dismal dwelling, for them also' reserv'd
In God's appointed time. To whom the fiend.
I muse not, warriors, that ye stand amaz'd
To see yourselves in absence of our chief
Here summon'd by his arch-angelic trump,
Which other breath than his before ne'er fill'd;
But public danger urges this bold step,
In me presumptuous, had I not to plead
Your safety for my warrant, and withal
His last sad mandate earnestly bequeath'd
At parting, when sole witness I beheld
His utter loss, discomfiture and flight.
Ah, friends! how sympathetic with my soul
Is that deep general groan, which now I hear!

Full cause, immortal mourners, have we all
To groan and beat our breasts, nor I the least,
Whose melancholy task it is to pour
These heavy tidings in your grieved ears.
But let us yet remember what we are,
And be not therefore heartless, though bereft
Of him, who was the head and brain of all.
Many and mighty are the chiefs yet left,
Though he prime chief no longer shall review
This widow'd host. Of SATAN the return
Is desp'rate, such a whirlwind caught him up,
So strong a southern blast at CHRIST's command
Blew him beyond the stretch of angel ken
Right onward to the realm of ancient Night
Impetuous through the empyrean void
Sheer on the level wing. Of him the fate
Is worse than doubtful; of his Victor's power
And Godhead irresistible what proof
Greater than this sad downfall can we need,

Or after such example what provoke?
Behoves us now prepare for instant flight;
This our late chief, prophetic in his fall,
With his last words enjoin'd me to propound
To these our legions scatter'd o'er the coasts
Of Palestine, whom else the coming hour
Of CHRIST's mysterious passion shall involve
In like disgrace and ruin with your prince,
Who to his latest moment upon earth
Was studious of your safety. I have now
In words unworthy of my charge, yet such
As heart o'erwhelm'd with sorrow can supply,
Surrender'd to your ears my painful trust.
But whither to repair, whom to elect
As captain and conductor of this host,
Now headless, conscious that such high command
With none but with the worthiest should be lodg'd,
I, as becomes me, to your wiser thoughts
Submit, and with the general choice shall close.

No more, for now with sudden panic seiz'd,
The Stygian host, no voice imperial heard
Nor rule nor order kept, uprose at once
Disbanded, lawless; dreadful was the yell
Of that infernal rout, a swarm as thick
As locusts, making horrid night beneath
Their wings, that with like clangor beat the air,
As of a flock of cormorants disturb'd
From some lone island on the rocky coast
Of Chili, where they haunt; so they with cry
More hideous mount, there hover for a while,
Then to all points disperse, as chance falls out,
Or short consult prescribes. Some to the South
With Isis and Osiris at their head
To Memphis, Thin and Tamis take their flight;
There with the bestial deities to herd,
Birds, serpents, reptiles, monsters of the Nile,
Gods that would half unfurnish Noah's ark:
Some with Melcartus, demi-god of Tyre,

Light short, and in his temple refuge take,
Where arm'd with massy club and lion hide
His huge athletic idol frowning stands:
Others with Rimmon eastward wing their way
To fam'd Damascus; there in bow'ring shades
By rilling fountains on the flowery turf
To doze away the soft oblivious hours,
A slumb'ring synod: Some the golden spires
Of Nineveh attract and Nisroc's fane,
Stain'd with Sennacherib's imperial blood,
There by the parricidal princes shed:
To Byblus and Belitus others speed,
Light feathery wantons by Astarte led
With loose love-ditties and soft smiles lur'd on
To page her pride and deck her amorous sports:
But of the rest far greater part repair
To high Olympus, where presides the power
Of thundering Baäl; he that station keeps
Pre-eminent o'er all the idol gods,

And in his festive hall rich nectar quaffs
With purple lips, and midnight revels holds
Luxurious, sensual, lewd, in vice immers'd:
Yet some there were and of no vulgar note,
Who, grief to tell! to the biforked mount
Flew off, and there with the Parnassian maids
Held shameful dalliance, from whose lewd embrace
Descended a whole family of bards
Corruptive, illegitimate and base;
A spurious breed of wickedness and wit;
A Muse's genius with a Dæmon's heart:
MAMMON meanwhile, a solitary sprite,
Selfish, morose and ev'n by dev'ils abhor'd,
Hied him alone, on sordid thoughts intent,
To rummage in Pactolus' sands for gold;
None join'd, nor sought he partner in his flight,
His sole ambition to engross and hoard.
Now came the awful consummation on,
The hour of promise, dimly shadow'd out

By types and prophecies, when from the womb
Of mystery, long travailing in pains
And groanings, now in ripe time should spring forth
Her full form'd revelation to dispel
Th' Obscure of antient days and usher in
Twin birth of Immortality and Life.
Now God by the' off'ring of his only Son
The type of Abraham's sacrifice fulfill'd,
Who, though unconscious of that type, by faith
Righteous, was of the promises made heir.
And now, as Moses in the wilderness
Lifted the serpent, so the Son of man
Exalted on the cross shall heal the world
Of sin, and expiate the wide wasting plague.
Now the peace-offering of the spotless Lamb
By one conclusive Passover shall rend
The law's symbolic veil, and all absolve,
Whose consciences are sprinkled with his blood,
From punishment entail'd upon the world

By man's first disobedience. Forth He comes
From condemnation: Ye too from your tombs
Come forth, ye prophets!—Son of Amoz, thou
Prepare for resurrection: Come and see,
Not darkly' as in a glass, but face to face,
The object of thy vision; Him, the man
Of sorrows; Him, who like a lamb is brought
To slaughter: Mark the travail of his soul;
Witness how he is stricken for our sins,
Witness how we are healed by his stripes,
And by the note and comment of his death
Construe thine own predictions. Forth he comes
From condemnation under Roman guard,
Bearing his cross: Upon his bleeding brow,
Ensign alike of royalty and woe,
A thorny crown; no friendly hand is found
To wipe away the tear mingled with blood,
That hangs upon his cheek: The soldiers cry,
Room for the criminal! and rest their pikes

To keep the crowd aloof; staggering beneath
The ponderous burthen of his cross he faints
And sinks to earth o'erspent, till one is found,
A sturdy stranger of Cyrenean birth,
On whom to lay the venerable load.
Hail, SIMON! blessed above men wert thou,
If faith in Him that suffer'd on that cross
Glow'd in thy heart and furnish'd thee with zeal
To render this last service to thy Lord.
Without the city walls there was a mount
Call'd CALVARY: The common grave it was
Of malefactors; there to plant his cross
It was decreed: Long was the way to death,
And like the ascent to glory hard to climb.
Upon the summit stood the Angel troop
Of MAMMON seen, though to man's filmed eye
Invisible: Here GABRIEL from the heighth
Noting the sad procession, had espied
The suffering Son of God amidst the throng

Dragg'd slowly on by rude and ruffian hands
To shameful execution: Horror-struck,
Pierc'd to the heart th' indignant Seraph shook
His threat'ning spear, and with the other hand
Smote on his thigh in agony of soul
For man's ingratitude: glist'ning with tears
His eyes, whence late celestial sweetness beam'd,
Now shot a fiery glance on them below,
Then, raising them to heav'n, he thus exclaim'd:
Oh! that the Everlasting would permit
His Angels to chastise these impious men,
And from their hands his holy Son redeem,
Whom in the heav'n of heav'ns we have beheld
Beloved of the Father, ever blest,
At the right hand of Pow'r in glory thron'd!
But this for purposes beyond our reach
God ever wise forbids, and who against
God's interdict shall stir? Therefore retire,
Stand off and wait the time! If CHRIST commands,

We are his ministers to do his will,
Be it to lift this mountain from it's base
And whelm it on his murderers; if not,
Patient spectators we must here abide
And let the sacrilegious work proceed;
Knowing that God hath said, I will revenge:
Vengeance belongeth to the Lord alone.

Now on the news of their great Prophet's fate
Each heart with fearfulness and trembling seiz'd,
Through all Jerusalem the tumult ran;
Native or stranger, aged or infirm,
None in the Holy City now kept house:
Where'er the Savior pass'd his presence drew
Thousands to gaze; and many' an aching heart
Heav'd silent the last tributary sigh
In memory of his mercies; zealous some
Rush'd in the grateful blessing to bestow
For health or limbs or life itself restor'd:
But these the soldiers rudely thrust aside,

And some with brutal violence they smote,
Thick'ning their files to hem their Pris'ner close,
As fearful of a rescue. Loud the cry
Of women, whose soft sex to pity prone
Melts at those scenes, which flinty-hearted man
Dry-ey'd contemplates: Mothers in their arms
Held up their infants, and with shrill acclaim
Begg'd a last blessing for those innocents,
Whose sweet simplicity so well he lov'd,
And ever as he met them laid his hands
Upon their harmless heads with gentle love
And gracious benediction, breathing heav'n
Into their hearts. Oh! happy babes, so blest! [round
Fenc'd in with shields and spears and compass'd
With Roman guards the persecuting priests,
Elders and scribes follow'd their Victim's steps
Amidst the scoffs and hissings of the crowd;
And still as CHRIST approach'd the fatal spot
Loud and more loud the sad lamentings grew,

Till at the foot of the funereal mount
Arriv'd he stopt, and, turning to the group
Of mourners, these prophetic words address'd :
Daughters of Solyma, weep not for me,
Weep rather for yourselves and for your babes ;
For lo ! the dawn of sorrows is at hand ;
The dread prediction presses to the birth,
When through Jerusalem a voice shall cry—
Give thanks, ye childless matrons, and confess
A barren bed, your worst misfortune deem'd,
Now your best blessing : Break forth into joy,
Ye, at whose breasts no infant ever hung,
For ye have none to mourn. Now to the clefts
And caverns of the mountains they shall say,
Fall on us, cover us, ye rocky vaults,
And hide us from this wrath ! For if with us
Already it begins, what shall the end
Of the ungodly and the sinner be ?
If the green tree cannot abide the storm,

How shall the dry escape?—And now no more:
Upon the summit of Mount CALVARY
They rear his cross; conspicuous there it stands
An ensign of salvation to the world.
Kneel, all ye Christian nations! bow your hearts
And worship your Redeemer, in whose death
Ye live, and from whose issuing wounds flows life,
By his blood purchas'd; hope's best promise flows
Of joys immortal for the just reserv'd.
The soldiers, now by their centurion form'd
In hollow orb around the cross, begin
Their horrid prelude to the murd'rous scene;
And first his vesture, their accustom'd spoil
And perquisite, they part; but for his coat
From top to bottom woven without seam,
That they rend not, but on it cast their lots
Whose it shall be entire. Upon his cross
In Hebrew, Greek and Latin they inscribe,
So PILATE will'd though by the priests oppos'd,

"JESUS OF NAZARETH, KING OF THE JEWS!"
This title, in three several tongues display'd,
Read all those crucifiers of their King
And murmur'd as they read; hard to the last,
Obdurate, unbelieving. Now began
The executioners to spread his arms
Upon the beam transverse, and through his palms,
Monsters of cruelty! and through his feet
They drove their spiked nails; whilst at the clang
Of those dire engines every feeling heart
Utter'd a groan, that with the mingled shrieks
Of mothers and of children pierc'd the air.
The priests and elders gnash'd their teeth for rage
And rancorous spite to hear him so bewail'd:
Women dropt down convuls'd and on the spot
Let fall their burthens immature for birth.
Words fail to paint the horrors of that scene:
The very soldiers paus'd and stood aghast,
Musing what these lamentings might portend;

Scarce dar'd they to pursue the dreadful work
Awe-struck and gazing on the face divine
Of the suspended Savior. He, though stretch'd
Upon the rack of agony, to heav'n
Raising his eyes—Father of mercy, cried,
Forgive them, for they know not what they do!
O ruthless murderers! could ye hear these words
And yet persist? Blasphemers! can ye read
And not adore? The people stand at gaze:
The rulers eager to provoke anew
Their quailing resolution with one voice
Cry out amain—Ah! thou, that on the cross
Now hangest, thou, that boastedst to destroy
Our temple and rebuild it in three days,
Where art thou? If thou be the very CHRIST,
The King of Israel, now come down, descend
And save thyself; this seeing, we will then
Confess thee and believe. But 'tis in vain:
He hears not, he replies not, he expires:

Others he sav'd; himself he cannot save.
Peace, peace, revilers! nor expect reply:
Think not that CHRIST, thus dying for mankind,
Will from his great commission turn aside
And stop the sacrifice and quit the cross,
On which his body offer'd up for sin
As on an altar lies. Your taunts he hears;
Yet will he not descend call'd down by you,
Nor at the door of death shrink back and leave
Short of perfection his all-glorious work.
But wait the time, and greater sign than this
Ye shall behold, when rising from the dead
And incorruptible he shall return
On earth triumphant o'er the cross and death.
Yet such is the perverseness of your hearts,
Him nor descending would ye now believe,
Nor re-ascending will ye then confess.
And now behold! on either side the cross
Of CHRIST a wretched malefactor hung

Groaning and writhing in the pangs of death:
When one of these, encourag'd by the taunts
Of the reviling priests, scornful exclaims—
Hear'st thou not what they say? If thou be CHRIST,
Why art thou in this torture? Save thyself,
And us thy fellows from this cross redeem—
This when his penitent companion heard
New horrors smote his heart, his fault'ring voice
He rais'd, and thus the blasphemy rebuk'd:
Hast thou no fear of God, expiring wretch?
Stretch'd as thou art upon the tree of death,
Hast thou no terror for the wrath to come?
And truly we the merited reward
Of our ill deeds receive, but this just Man,
What hath he done? In him no fault is found.
This said, the penitent with faith inspir'd
Upon the Savior turn'd his dying eyes,
And—Lord! he cried with supplicating voice,
When to thy heav'nly kingdom thou shalt come,

Oh then remember me !—To him the Lord—
I tell thee of a truth this very day
Thou shalt be found in Paradise with me.
Oh ! words of Joy, that breathe into the ear
Of the expiring penitent the pledge
Of pardon and acceptance: Words, that waft
The soul yet hovering on the lips of faith
Into the heav'n of heav'ns, with grateful heart
We hail the glorious promise, which unfolds
The gates of bliss and present entrance gives
To the repentant sinner. Now no more
Conjecture ponders on the life to come;
Our dying Savior draws aside the veil,
Through which dim reason caught a doubtful glimpse
Of shadowy realms, that stretch'd beyond the grave,
Elysian scenes in clouds and mist involv'd.
Yet with this comfort take the caution too;
For who shall say what penitence was his,
That earn'd this promise? Fatally he errs,

Whose hope fore-runs repentance, who presumes
That God will pardon when he's tir'd of sin
And like a stale companion casts it off.
Oh! arrogant, delusive, impious thought,
To meditate commodious truce with Heaven,
When death's swift arrow smites him unprepar'd,
And that protracted moment never comes,
Or comes too late: Turn then, presumptuous man,
Turn to the other sinner on the cross,
Who died reviling, there behold thy doom!
Thou, too, the Virgin Mother of our Lord,
By the angelic salutation hail'd
Blest above women, thou amidst the group
Of sympathising mourners at that hour
Wast present, when th' incarnate Virtue, born
Of thine immac'ulate womb, impregn'd of Heav'n,
Hung on the cross expiring: He from thence
On thee disconsolate a dying look
Of tenderest pity cast, and at thy side

Noting the meek disciple whom he lov'd,
Thus both address'd.—Woman, behold thy son:
Son, look upon thy mother!—Sacred charge
And piously fulfill'd.——Now darkness fell
On all the region round; the shrowded sun
From the impen'itent earth withdrew his light;
I thirst!—the Savior cried, and lifted up
His eyes in agony—My God, my God!
Ah! why hast thou forsaken me?—exclaim'd.
Yet deem him not forsaken of his God:
Beware that error: 'Twas the mortal part
Of his compounded nature breathing forth
It's last sad agony, that so complain'd:
Doubt not that veil of sorrow was withdrawn,
And heav'nly comfort to his soul vouchsaf'd,
Ere thus he cried—Father! into thy hands
My spirit I commend:—Then bow'd his head
And died. Now GABRIEL and his heav'nly choir
Of minist'ring angels hov'ring o'er the cross

Receiv'd his Spi'rit, at length from mortal pangs
And fleshly pris'on set free, and bore it thence
Upon their wings rejoicing. Then behold
A prodigy, that to the world announc'd
A new religion and dissolv'd the old:
The temple's sacred vail was rent in twain
From top to bottom 'midst th' attesting shocks
Of earthquake and the rending up of graves:
Now those mysterious symbols, heretofore
Curtain'd from vulgar eyes and holiest deem'd
Of holies were display'd to public view:
The mercy-seat with its cherubic wings
O'ershadow'd and the golden ark beneath
Covering the testimony now through the rent
Of that dissever'd vail first saw the light.
A world redeem'd had now no further need
Of types and emblems dimly shadowing forth
An angry Deity withdrawn from sight
And canopied in clouds: Him face to face

Now in full light reveal'd the dying breath
Of his dear Son appeas'd, and purchased peace
And reconcilement for offending man.
Thus the partition wall, by Moses built,
By CHRIST was level'd and the Gentile world
Enter'd the breach by their great Captain led
Up to the throne of grace, opening himself
Through his own flesh a new and living way.
Then were the oracles of God made known
To all the nations, sprinkled by the blood
Of JESUS and baptiz'd into his death;
So was the birth-right of the elder-born,
Heirs of the promise, forfeited; whilst they,
Whom sin had erst in bondage held, made free
From sin and servants of the living God,
Now gain'd the gift of God, Eternal life.
  Soon as these signs and prodigies were seen
Of those who watch'd the cross, conviction smote
Their fear-struck hearts: The sun at noon-day dark,

The earth convulsive underneath their feet,
And the firm rocks in shiver'd fragments rent
Rous'd them at once to tremble and believe.
Then was our Lord by heathen lips confess'd,
When the centurion cried—In very truth
This righteous person was the Son of God—
The rest in heart assenting stood abash'd,
Watching in silence the tremendous scene:
The recollection of his gracious acts,
His dying pray'rs and their own impious taunts
Now rose in sad review; too late they wish'd
The deed undone and sighing smote their breasts.
Strait from God's presence went that Angel forth,
Whose trumpet shall call up the sleeping dead
At the last day, and bade the Saints arise
And come on earth to hail this promis'd hour,
The day-spring of Salvation. Forth they came
From their dark tenements, their shadowy forms
Made visible as in their fleshly state,

And through the Holy City here and there
Frequent they gleam'd, by night, by day with fear
And wonder seen of many: Holy seers,
Prophets and martyrs from the grave set free,
And the first-fruits of the redeemed dead.
They, who with CHRIST transfigur'd on the mount
Were seen of his disciples in a cloud
Of dazzling glory, now in form distinct
Mingling amidst the public haunts of men,
Struck terror to all hearts: Ezekiel there,
The captive seer, to whom on Chebar's banks
The heav'ns were opened and the fatal roll
Held forth with dire denunciations fill'd
Of lamentation, mourning and of woe,
Now falling fast on Israel's wretched race:
He too was there, Hilkiah's holy son,
With loins close girt and glowing lips of fire
By God's own finger touch'd: There might be seen
The youthful prophet, Belteshazzar nam'd

Of the Chaldees, interpreter of dreams,
Knowledge of God bestow'd, in visions skill'd,
And fair and learn'd and wise: The Baptist here
Girt in his hairy mantle frowning stalk'd,
And, pointing to his ghastly wound, exclaim'd—
Ye vipers! whom my warning could not move
Timely to flee from the impending wrath,
Now fallen on your heads; whom I indeed
With water, CHRIST hath now with fire baptiz'd:
Barren ye were of fruits, which I prescrib'd
Meet for repentance, and behold! the axe
Is laid to the unprofitable root
Of every sapless tree, hewn down, condemn'd
And cast into the fire. Lo! these are they,
These shadowy forms now floating in your sight,
These are the harbingers of antient days,
Who witness'd the Messias and announc'd
His coming upon earth. Mark with what scorn
Silent they pass you by: Them had ye heard,

Them had ye noted with a patient mind,
Ye had not crucified the LORD OF LIFE :
He of these stones to Abraham shall raise up
Children, than you more worthy of his stock ;
And now his winnowing fan is in his hand,
With which he'll purge his floor, and having stor'd
The precious grain in garners, will consume
With fire unquenchable the refuse chaff.
Thus the terrific Vision in the ears
Of the astonish'd multitude declaim'd [hearts ;
With threat'ning voice, and wrung their conscious
Whilst the blaspheming priests, who in their scorn
Triumphant saw the Savior of the world
Expiring on the cross and deem'd him lost,
Now by the resurrection of the saints,
Usher'd on earth with prodigies and signs,
Confounded and amaz'd, began to doubt
If yet the sepulchre had power to keep
It's crucified Possessor safe in hold,

And with these thoughts perplex'd masking their fears
Under pretence of caution, they repair
To PILATE and demand a Roman guard
To watch the tomb of CHRIST, and then they add—
For we remember that Deceiver said,
Whilst he was yet alive, after three days
I will again arise; therefore we pray
Command the sepulchre to be made sure
Till the third day, lest his disciples come
By night and craftily remove him thence;
So the last error shall outgo the first.
But PILATE, whose unrighteous judgment still
Sate heavy on his heart, had little care
For what might them befall, and to their suit
Briefly reply'd—Why do ye ask of me
That custody, which in yourselves ye have?
Take your own watch and to their charge commit
The safeguard of that body, which, though dead,

Keeps yet alive your fears: 'Tis your own cause, 810
As such I leave it with you; so begone!
He said and turn'd aside, nor did they tempt
Further discourse, but murmr'ing went their way.

END OF THE SIXTH BOOK.

CALVARY;

OR,

The Death of Christ.

BOOK VII.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

This Book opens with the scene of Mount Calvary at the coming on of evening; Christ still hanging dead upon the cross, the disciples standing apart and the holy women watching amongst whom is the Blessed Virgin supported by St. John Christ having bequeathed her to his care: His address to her on this subject, and her reply. The soldiers come and break the legs of the two malefactors, but finding Christ already dead, they pierce his heart with a spear, and blood and water issues from the wound: they take him down from the cross and lay him in the sepulchre. His spirit in the meanwhile is conveyed by the angels into the region of Death; that region described, and the distant prospect of the bottomless pit, where the souls of the wicked are in torment; Christ points out these scenes to Gabriel, and instructs him as to the future objects of his descent into this gloomy region. Satan expelled from earth falls prostrate at the foot of the throne of Death; he makes suit to that power for protection; Death rejects his intercessions; the person and palace of the King of Terrors described; the triumphant entry of Christ; Satan is hurled into the bottomless pit, and there bound by the strong angel; the horrors of that dreadful abode are represented; Death humbles himself before the Redeemer of mankind, and conscious that his power is overthrown, tenders his crown to Christ as to his conqueror; He lays the key at his feet, which sets free the souls of the saints, who are destined to be partakers of the first resurrection; this key is given to Gabriel with instructions for their release; Christ in his reply to Death forewarns him of his doom, but signifies to him that the dissolution of his power will not be immediate. The approach of the Saints concludes the Book.

CALVARY.

BOOK VII.

THE DESCENT INTO HELL.

Now Hesperus renew'd his evening lamp
And hung it forth amid the turbid sky
To mark the close of this portentous day:
The lab'ring sun, in his mid course-eclips'd,
Darkling at length had reach'd his western goal;
And now it seem'd as if all Nature slept
O'erspent and wearied with convulsive throes.
Upon his cross the martyr'd Savior hung; [corpse
Pale through the twilight gleam'd his breathless
And silvery white, as when the moon-beam plays
On the smooth surface of the glassy lake;
His thorn-crown'd head upon his breast reclin'd;

His arms were wide out-spread, as if in act
To' embrace and welcome the converted world:
So were they late expanded, when he cried—
Come all ye heavy laden, come to me,
And I will give you rest! Death had not dar'd
To rob those features of one heav'nly grace,
Nor had the worm authority to taint
That incorruptible and hallow'd shrine,
Wherein his purity had deign'd to dwell.
The living saints here mingling with the dead
Stood round in pensive meditation rapt,
Silent spectators of the aweful scene:
There his disciples in a group apart,
Like frighted sheep that cluster in a storm,
Throng'd each on other interchanging looks
Of sorrow and despair; no voice was heard,
No utterance but of sighs; though all had need
Of comfort, none had comfort to bestow.
But PETER, in whose self-accusing breast

Grief roll'd in tempests, had the whilst chos'n out
A solitary spot, where at his length
Outstretch'd with face incumbent on the ground
He lay like one whom fortune had cast off,
Of all hope 'reft, most wretched and forlorn.
There too the holy Mother might be seen,
Like Rizpah, watching o'er her murder'd son,
Rooted in earth, a monument of woe.
Beside her, bath'd in sympathising tears,
First in his Master's love, as meek of soul,
Stood JOHN, adopted by his dying Lord
Son and supporter of that mournful Saint.
At length with reverend love he turn'd his eyes
Upon the Virgin Mother and thus spake.
Oh thou! participant with God himself
In his incarnate Offspring, if I claim
The glorious title, which my dying Lord
On me, thy servant ever, now thy son,
Gracious bequeath'd, let not my words offend.

High honor and a trust than life more dear
Hath CHRIST by this adoption deign'd to cast
On me unmeriting; yet well I heard
Those sacred words—Mother, behold thy son;
Son, look upon thy mother!—Yes, I heard,
And treasuring in my heart the rich bequest,
Bow'd and obey'd: Ev'n then my zeal had spoke
The dictates of devotion, had I dar'd
To break the aweful silence of that hour,
Or sacrilegiously divert the ear
Of mute attention, whilst those lips divine,
Those living oracles, had breath to move;
Now mute, alas! for He is now no more,
Who had the words of life: Our hope is quench'd,
Our glory vanish'd. See! the deed is done:
Those murderers have kill'd the Prince of Peace,
Cold on the cross and stiff'ning in the wind
To the rude elements his corpse is left;
Nor is there found, who shall provide a grave

For the sad reliques of the Son of God. [mourn'd
But lo! the heav'ns, that three long hours have
In darkness, now throw of their sable shroud:
The earth no longer quakes beneath our feet,
The shattered rocks subside; Nature is calm,
The sun unmasks, and through disparted clouds
With ruddy twilight streaks the western sky.
And may not we, since God hath now withdrawn
His terrors and asswag'd the wrathful sky,
May not we hope, that as his light revives
At the third hour, so of his blessed Son
The promis'd resurrection to new life
At the third day shall also come to pass?
When, as the sun emerging from eclipse
Darkness dispells, so CHRIST from out the grave
Arising shall dispell our dark despair?
To him the holy mother thus replied:
Thou meek Disciple, in thy Master's love
Pre-eminently blest, since He, whose will

Should govern, so decrees it, from this hour
Henceforth I lodge thee in a mother's heart
And hold thee as my son: for I perceive
CHRIST from his human nature is withdrawn,
And to mortality hath render'd back
All that from me a mortal he receiv'd:
His Incorruptible now lives with God,
And in that glory I no part must claim;
Flesh cannot share with spirit. Henceforth thou,
Thou art my son adopted in the place
Of that incarnate Virtue, of whose birth
Miraculous the eastern star gave sign,
And Angels witness'd him the Son of God.
And now behold! what wonders mark his death:
Whence are these prodigies? What but the hand
Of God can shake the pillars of the earth,
Seal up the sun and rend these rocks in twain,
Turn day to night, tear down the temple vail,
Break up the graves and bid the saints come forth?

Lo, where they pass as sensible to sight
As in broad day substantial man to man.
And can we ask if He be very CHRIST,
Whom stars and Angels usher'd into birth?
Can we doubt him on whom the Spi'rit of God
Dove-like descended? Can we stop our ears
Against a voice from heaven? Are we so blind,
Dull and insensible not to behold
That sun emergent, and these moving shapes,
That to revisit earth have left their graves,
Awaken'd as from sleep? If these can rise,
If these, whose bones are moulder'd into dust,
On whom the worm hath fed for ages, men
As mortal as ourselves can re-ascend
Out of the pit, do not these signs bespeak
His second coming, who is LORD and CHRIST?
He shall, He shall return upon the earth
Victorious over death, and we, though now
Humbled in heart and for a season sad,

Yet wavering not in faith and holding fast
The anchor of our hope, shall yet again
Behold his glory, and as now his death
Turns day to night, his resurrection then
Shall into joy convert our present gloom.
But see, where PETER prostrate on the earth
Is lost in sorrow : Haste and bid him rise ;
Tell him the day's at hand when he must work.
Hath he not heard the servant shall not sleep
In his Lord's absence? Strengthen thou his heart !
So spake these Saints, and each to other gave
Alternate solace ; faith inspiring hope,
And hope asswaging woe. At PETER's side
Behold the meek disciple—Up ! he cries,
Awake and put on strength : The Virgin Saint,
The Mother of our Lord, bids thee awake.
Unprofitable grief availeth nought,
But godly sorrow is approv'd in works
Meet for repentance. Up ! for CHRIST, tho' dead,

Yet speaketh, and shall come again on earth: 146
Woe to that servant therefore, whom his Lord
Shall find thus sleeping; great shall be his wrath.
This said, he reach'd his hand and rais'd him up:
He stood and spake—Servant, of CHRIST approv'd,
Thee and thy blessed Sender I obey: 151
Yet doth my heart, by deep remorse subdued,
Press downward to the dust. A wretch I am,
Who hath denied his Lord: What can I do,
A miserable man? O righteous JOHN, 155
When thou shalt spread abroad, as sure thou wilt,
The direful doings of this fatal day,
And publish to mankind the wond'rous love
Of CHRIST thus dying for them, I conjure thee
Be faithful to the truth, screen not my crime, 160
Foul though it be, but let the nations know
PETER, who vaunted of himself, was false.
So shall they reap instruction from my shame,
And by despising me correct themselves.

Thus spake the contrite Saint, when now the priests,
Whose custom was upon this solemn eve
To purge their Golgotha from human blood,
Send forth their guard official to remove
CHRIST and the slaves convict before the dawn
Of that great day, too hallow'd to permit
Their bodies fest'ring on th' ill-omen'd cross.
And lo! the soldiers so encharg'd arrive,
Survey the victims and begin the work:
But first the pond'rous sledge with horrid crash
Descending breaks the knees and ankle joints
Of these two criminals; for stubborn life
Still hover'd on their lips, and now and then
Their heaving bosoms fetch'd a deep-drawn sigh,
Like the slow swell of seas without a wind.
But when the Savior's body they approach'd
And saw there needed not a second blow
To make his death secure, the word of God
Prophetic mov'd their else obdurate hearts

To break no limb ; yet one, so destin'd, thrust
His spear into his side and forthwith flow'd
Water and blood from the heart-piercing wound :
So deep the stab, that to life's citadel,
Had life remain'd, the mortal point had reach'd
And there had finish'd it. Meanwhile behold !
JOSEPH arrives ; a counsellor was he,
But not for death, and rich and just withal ;
In Ramoth born, where Samuel first drew breath,
And as his heart in righteousness and faith
Stood firm with CHRIST whilst living, so his zeal
An honour'able interment to bestow
On his dead Master prompted him to make
Bold suit to PILATE for the lifeless corpse,
Nor fail'd he of his suit ; therefore he came,
So favor'd, to receive the precious charge
Of those dear reliques and with decent rites
Commit them to the grave : Spear'd to the heart,
And death with double diligence ensur'd,

The body they take down ; the hands and feet
Pierc'd throughwith nails and all besmear'dwithblood
O piteous spectacle ! which to behold
Bathes every angel face in heav'n with tears !
Accursed Deicides ! the time comes on,
When every mark your sacrilegious hands
Have printed on that corpse shall be a seal
To testify against you, every gash
Unclos'd shall with it's living lips proclaim
CHRIST in his human attributes renew'd,
Corporeal yet immortal : Then the hand
Of him who doubts shall probe those gaping wounds,
And by the evidence of sense compel
The faithless and reluctant to believe.
And now they place the body on the bier,
Cleans'd of the blood and wrapt in seemly cloths :
Then under guard convey it to the vault
Hewn in the rock, where never corpse was laid,
And there consign it to it's dark abode,

Rolling a massy fragment to the door,
Unwieldly, vast; and having seal'd the stone,
They post their centinels, and so depart. [free
Meanwhile the, unhoused spirit of CHRIST, set
From gross communion with his earthly clay,
Borne with the meteor's speed upon the wings
Of mightiest Cherubim had now approach'd
The dark confines of Death's engulph'd domain:
Here at the barrier of that vast profound
On the firm adamant, from whence uprose
The tow'ring structure of hell's ebon gate,
The heav'nly Visitant descending bade
His cherub bearers stoop their wings, on which
As in a plumey chariot he rode;
And now alighted on the dreadful brink
The Savior paus'd and downward cast his eye
O'er that immeasureable blank, the grave
Of universal Nature, founded then
And charter'd to the gloomy powers of Sin

And Death Sin-born, when the primæval pair
Lost immortality and fell from God.
The starry lamps of heav'n here lost their light,
No sun-beam ever reach'd this dismal realm:
Yet in CHRIST's spi'rit divine that living light,
Which from the Father of creation flow'd
Before all time, inherently supplied
Self-furnish'd vision to explore the bounds
Of that oblivious pit, in whose dark womb
Myriads of unredeemed souls were plung'd;
All who of human birth had pass'd that gate,
From righteous Abel, the first-fruit of death,
To him, whose heart had newly ceas'd to beat,
Were in that gulph immers'd. At farthest end
Of that Obscure a pillary cloud arose
Of sulph'rous smoke, that from hell's crater steam'd;
Whence here and there by intermittent gleams
Blue flashing fires burst forth, that sparkling blaz'd
Up to the iron roof, whose echoing vault

Resounded ever with the dolorous groans
Of the sad crew beneath: Thence might be heard
The wailing suicide's remorseful plaint;
The murd'rer's yelling scream, and the loud cry
Of tyrants in that fiery furnace hurl'd,
Vain cry! th' unmitigated furies urge
Their ruthless task and to the cauldron's edge
With ceaseles toil huge blocks of sulphur roll,
Pil'd mountains high to feed the greedy flames:
All these, th' accursed brood of Sin, were once
The guilty pleasures, the false joys, that lur'd
Their sensual vota'rists to th' infernal pit:
Them their fell mother, watchful o'er the work,
With eye that sleep ne'er clos'd and snaky scourge
Still waving o'er their heads, for ever plies
To keep the fiery deluge at it's heighth;
And stops her ears against the clam'rous din
Of those tormented, who for mercy call
Age after age implor'd and still denied.

These when th' all-present Spirit of CHRIST descried
At distance tossing in the sulph'rous lake,
And heard their dismal groans, the conscious sense
Of human weakness by experience earn'd
In his own mortal body now put off,
And recollection that Himself of late
In his sublunar pilgrimage had prov'd
Temptations like to their's, drew from his soul
A sigh of nat'ral pity, as from man
To man although in merited distress:
But when his human sympathy gave place
To judgment better weigh'd and riper thoughts
Congenial with the Godhead reassum'd,
The justice of their doom, th' abhorrence due
To their vile deeds by voluntary act
Of will, left free, committed in despight
Of conscience moving them to better thoughts,
Turn'd him indignant from the loathed sight
Of these impenitents; when, after pause,

To GABRIEL, chief of the cherubic host
And late his strength'ning angel, thus he spake.
GABRIEL, or e'er from this high steep we launch
With prone descent into this gloomy vast,
This shadowy dark inane, the realm of Death,
After so swift a race through all the spheres
From earth to this hell's portal, it behoves
Thee and thy plumed cohort to recruit
The vigor of your wings; for sure I am
That in this subterranean we shall find
No breeze from heav'n's pure æther to give aid
To motion, or uphold in steady poise
Your feath'ry vans outstretch'd; nor may we look
For star or planet or one straggling ray
From circumlucent sun to guide our course
Through this obscure domain of Night and Death.
Nor less behoves thee, gentle as thou art,
Friendliest to man of all heav'n's angel host

And for each task of mercy and of love
First in the choice of God, to arm thy heart
For the sad spectacles, the dismal scenes,
Which we must needs encounter in this gulph
Of human misery, this world of woes,
Fit residence for SATAN and his crew
Of outcast angels; sad reverse to thee
Inhabitant of heav'n: And now, behold!
Where hell's infernal pit with horrid glare [God
Flames through the dismal gloom, there, but that
In mercy films thine arch-angelic eye,
Such myriads in that ever-burning lake
Of souls tormented thou wouldst else discern,
As would appal thy nature; but these scenes
From thee, a spi'rit so loving to mankind,
So melting soft to pity, are with-held:
No mercy can I meditate for them
Impenitent, no embassy of peace

Have I in charge, no respite, till the trump
Of general resurrection calls them up
At the last day of judgment, then to hear
Their crimes rehears'd, their blasphemies expos'd,
Their envyings, frauds, revilings, treach'ries, plots,
And ev'ry secret of their hearts unmask'd
By an all-righteous Judge, who shall pronounce
Their final condemnation and decree
Their present pains perpetual. We meanwhile
To other regions shall divert our course
From them and from their torments far apart,
Regions of night and silence, where the souls
Of righteous men in their oblivious caves
Sleep out the time till their Deliverer comes
To wake them from their trance, dissolve the spell
Of their enchanter Death, and set them free
To range the fields of Paradise, where flows,
As from a fountain by God's presence fed,

Beatitude surpassing human thought,
Pleasures unseen, unnumber'd, unconceiv'd.
This said, from those high battlements the Dove
Of Peace upon Redemption's errand sent,
Borne on the wings of his cherubic choir,
Descended swift, and through the drowsy void
To Death's terrific palace steer'd his flight.
Here the Arch-foe of man, from earth expell'd
By man's Redeemer, newly had arriv'd,
But fear-struck and in like disastrous trim
With war-worn Sisera, when in his flight
From the victorious Naphthalite he came
To ask protection at false Jael's tent,
And ruin found instead. The whirlwind's blast
Had shatter'd his proud form; now scorch'd by fires,
Now driv'n to regions of perpetual frost
Beyond extremest Saturn's wint'ry sphere,
No middle course kept he, nor had his feet

From their aërial journey once found rest,
Till at the threshold of Death's gloomy throne
Down on the solid adamant he fell
Precipitate at once, and lay entranc'd
Of arch-angelic majesty the wreck.
Scar'd at the hideous crash and all aghast
Death scream'd amain, then wrapt himself in clouds,
And in his dark pavilion trembling sate
Mantled in night. And now the prostrate fiend
Rear'd his terrific head with lightnings scorch'd
And furrow'd deep with scars of livid hue;
Then stood erect and roll'd his blood-shot eyes
To find the ghastly vision of grim Death,
Who at the sudden downfal of his sire
Startled, and of his own destruction warn'd,
Had shrunk from sight, and to a misty cloud
Dissolv'd hung lowring o'er his shrouded throne.
When SATAN, whose last hope was now at stake,

Impatient for the interview exclaim'd, [him,
Where art thou, Death? Why hide thyself from
Of whom thou art? Come forth, thou grisly king;
And though to suitor of immortal mould
Thy refuge be denied, yet at my call,
Thy father's call, come forth and comfort me,
Thou gaunt anatomy, with one short glimpse
Of those dry bones, in which alone is peace
And that oblivious sleep, for which I sigh.

He said, and now a deep and hollow groan,
Like roar of distant thunders, shook the hall,
And from before the cloud-envelop'd throne
The adamantine pavement burst in twain
With hideous crash self-open'd, and display'd
A subterranean chasm, whose yawning vault,
Deep as the pit of Acheron, forbade
All nearer access to the shado'wy king.
Whereat the imprison'd winds, that in it's womb

Were cavern'd, 'gan to heave their yeasty waves
In bubbling exhalations, till at once
Their eddying vapors working upwards burst
From the broad vent enfranchis'd, when, behold!
The cloud that late around the throne had pour'd
More than Egyptian darkness, now began
To lift it's fleecy skirts, till through the mist
The' imperial Phantom gleam'd; monster deform'd,
Enormous, terrible, from heel to scalp
One dire anatomy; his giant bones
Star'd through the shrivell'd skin that loosely hung
On his sepulchral carcase; round his brows
A cypress wreath tiara-like he wore
With nightshade and cold hemlock intertwin'd;
Behind him hung his quiver'd store of darts
Wing'd with the raven's plume; his fatal bow
Of deadly yew, tall as Goliah's spear,
Propp'd his unerring arm; about his throne,

If throne it might be call'd, which was compos'd
Of human bones, as in a charnel pil'd,
A hideous group of dire diseases stood,
Sorrows and pains and agonizing plagues,
His ghastly satellites, and, ev'n than these
More terrible, ambition's slaught'ring sons,
Heroes and conquerors stil'd on earth, but here
Doom'd to ignoble drudgery, employ'd
To do his errands in the loathsome vault,
And tend corruption's never-dying worm,
To haunt the catacombs and ransack graves,
Where some late popu'lous city is laid waste
By the destroying pestilence, or storm'd
By murdering Russ or Tartar blood-besmear'd
And furious in the desp'rate breach to plant
His eagle or his crescent on the piles
Of mangled multitudes and flout the sky
With his victorious banners. Now a troop

Of shrowded ghosts upon a signal given
By their terrific Monarch start to sight,
Each with a torch funereal in his grasp,
That o'er the hall diffus'd a dying light,
Than darkness' self more horrible: The walls
Of that vast cenotaph, hung round with spears,
Falchions and pole-axes and plumed helms,
Shew'd like the arm'ory of some warlike state:
There every mortal weapon might be seen,
Each implement of old or new device,
Which savage nature or inventive art
Furnish'd to arm the ruffian hand of war
And deal to man the life-destroying stroke:
And them betwixt at intervals were plac'd
The crowned skeletons of mighty kings,
Cæsars and Caliphs and barbarian Chiefs,
Monsters, whose swords had made creation shrink,
And frighted peace and science from the earth.

Pondering the scene in mute amazement rapt
The lost Arch-angel stood, when soon the voice
Of Death as from the tombs low-murmuring thus
Bespoke attention—What uncivil cause,
Prince of the air, provokes thee to offend
Against the peaceful charter of these realms [not
By voice thus rude and clamo'rous? Know'st thou
I reign by privilege, though son not slave
Of thee heav'n-exil'd? Here no place hast thou,
For here is peace; no part in this domain
To thee and to thy rebel host belongs:
They in the flames of Tartarus, but we
Dwell with the silent worm: The pow'r we have
O'er man's corruptible and mortal part
Ends with the body; here the bones may sleep,
For these anatomies disturb us not:
But for the spark unquenchable, the soul
Immortal, which survives the fleeting breath,

Of that we take no charge; that must abide
In other regions it's appointed lot
Of misery or bliss. What then hath Death
To do with SATAN? Can the son, who drew
Existence from the father, quench that spi'rit,
Which God decreed eternal? Will those fires
Cease at my word? Hell will not hear my voice,
Nor can the howlings of th' infernal pit
Enter my ears. Ask not repose of me,
Tormented fiend: There is no grave for sin,
No sleep for SATAN; fall'n from heav'n thou art,
There thou hast no abode; fall'n now from earth,
Where is thy lodging? Where, but in those flames?
Pass on then in thy course, nor loiter here,
For hell expects thee: Wert thou here to stay,
Death in destroying thee himself destroys.

Whereto th' unwelcome visitant replied—
Inhospitable Pow'r! and is it thus

Thou greet'st a father in his extreme need
Suppliant for leave to draw a moment's breath
In thy pale presence, till this furious blast,
That follow'd me from earth, shall spend it's rage
And cease to howl through the profound of hell?
If in thy heartless trunk no mem'ory dwells
Of what I was, Oh! teach me to forget
What now I am and make my senses dull
To pain, as thine to gratitude are lost:
But if thy mind be present to record
My fall from bliss, will it not also serve
To put thee in remembrance how that fall
Bestow'd on thee a station and a name?
Had I not fall'n from heav'n man had not lost
The joys of Paradise, immortal joys
Till I destroy'd them; who then but myself,
Exil'd from God, brought Death into the world,
Gave thee the sepulchre for thy domain,

And every mortal body for thy prey ?
Whose hand but SATAN's, thankless as thou art,
Plac'd that victorious wreath upon thy brow,
Arm'd thee for war and bade thee be a king ?
And what doth SATAN now demand of Death ?
What, but a moment's respite, the small boon
Of hospitable shelter, where to lay
My aching head and rest my weary wing ?
This to the father can the son refuse ?
I ask no more. If CHRIST, from whom I fly,
Pursues me to this pit, and into hell
Descending shall repass her gloomy gates
Guarded by Sin, that barrier lost, farewell
To all thy greatness ! Where shall be thy sting,
O Death, and where thy victory, O Grave ?
Then to have harbor'd SATAN shall not add
One feather to the balance of thy fate :
All must be lost together ; I to flames

Consign'd, thou, Phantom, into air dissolv'd.
No more of this vain arguing, Death replied;
My peace and my repose I can but deal
As God decrees, and as he wills withhold:
Thus wrangling to the latest hour of time
Nothing, O SATAN, couldst thou wring from me
But the same answer and the same despair:
I with mortality alone confer,
Thou art a deathless spirit: If my pow'r
Cannot annihilate the soul of man,
How then of angel? Guilty thou hast been,
Conscious must ever be, and therefore curst.
Of me complaining thou condemn'st thyself,
The righteous ever are at peace with Death;
Thou art not of their number. Spi'rit unblest,
Author of man's revolt and all things ill,
The hell which thou hast peopled, is thine own.
Earth thou hast made a ruin, men by thee

Perverted turn to monsters, Heav'n itself,
Disturb'd by thy rebellion, for a while
Suffer'd convulsion, and her thrones besieg'd
Echo'd the din of battle; the fair bloom
Of Paradise was blasted by thy spells,
And man driv'n forth to till th' unthankful earth
And toil and sweat for a precarious meal,
Degraded from his origin, at length
To me and to corruption was consign'd.
These were thy doings, this was my descent,
And my inheritance the loathsome worm,
The throne funereal and this yawning gulph
Impassable, which I am yet to thank
For that it holds thee at a distance from me:
This is thy bounty. Look upon these bones,
Survey this dread anatomy, and say
If son so fashion'd owes his father thanks:
Proportion'd to thy goodness I accord

My gratitude by bidding thee avaunt;
Hence from my sight, intruder! Thrust from earth
As heretofore from heav'n, and tempest-torn
With bruised head and shatter'd flagging wing
Hither thou com'st a fugitive from Him,
Whom in the wilderness for forty-days
Tempting thou didst annoy: Dull, doating spirit!
Blind to thine own destruction, not to see
God's pow'r in CHRIST, nor understand that He,
Who foil'd thy cunning, might defy thy strength:
But neither strength nor cunning shall prevail
To draw me forth upon a losing side,
And set this empire on a desp'rate cast:
I lack presumption to oppose that Power,
Which puts hell's monarch to inglorious flight.
What shelter can'st thou find behind a shade,
An airy phantom? Such thou say'st I am,
Such let me be! That phantom will not tempt

The furious blast of God's avenging breath,
Nor mov'd to pity by thy treacherous plaints
Tender oblivion's boon to soul accurst:
Such favor when thou wouldst extort from Death,
That phantom will be adamant to thee.
Now learn a truth: CHRIST in the flesh is dead;
Yet long I cannot hold him in the grave;
His body interdicted to the worm
For some mysterious purpose is reserv'd
From all corruption free, and sure I am
He will not leave his enemy at large
In this obscure domain, where sleep the souls
Of righteous men; fly then, whilst yet the hour
Serves thee for flight—And hark! the angel trump
Sounds his approach. Now tremble, thou accurst!
No more; encanopied beneath the wings
Of mighty Cherubim with sounding trump
And joyful chaunt the LORD OF LIFE came on—
Lift up your heads, the heav'nly chorus sung,

Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates,
And CHRIST the King of Glory shall come in—
Bright as the sun his presence; darkness fled
Down to the center; SATAN on the earth
Fell motionless; Death trembled on his throne,
And call'd his shadowy guards, they with loud shrieks
Vanish'd in air, whilst from the gulph profound
Blue lightnings flash'd and deep-mouth'd thunders roar'd;
When CHRIST with eye severe on SATAN turn'd
Bade the storm cease and thus address'd the fiend.
Well art thou found, thou serpent, on the brink
Of thy last home, this horrible abyss,
For thee and for thine impious crew prepar'd.
Man from his God by thy corruption turn'd
Is by my death receiv'd into the peace
Of his offended Maker, and if faith
Opens his way to heav'n in righteousness
And true conversion, Death cannot retain

His soul in darkness, nor thy crafty wiles
Puzzle his path and damp his glowing zeal;
But thou presumptuous, who hast had the world
To range at will, and from God's altars pluck'd
Their consecrated honors, falsely view'd
Those spoils, by sufferance yielded, as the prize
Of thine own proper victory. Behold!
These are thy triumphs; in this pit receive
Thy folly's confutation and the doom
Of woe eternal on thy sin denounc'd.

He said, nor other answer SATAN gave
Than one deep groan rent from his lab'ring breast.
The strong vindictive Angel, to whose charge
The key of that infernal pit belong'd,
Now seiz'd him in his grasp, and from the ground
Lifting his pond'rous bulk, such vigor dwelt
In arm celestial, headlong down at once,
Down hurl'd him to the bottom of the gulph,
Then follow'd on the wing: His yelling cries

Death heard, whilst terror shiver'd every bone:
Not so the choir cherubic; they with joy
Beheld Redemption's triumph in the fall
Of that Great Dragon, enemy of man,
That antient Serpent, now with bruised head
And sting-bereft hurl'd down into the pit:
Whereat in heav'nly concert they begin
To raise their tuneful voices and sing forth
Praise to the Lamb of God, and joyful strain
Of gratulation to the Saints redeem'd—
Now is salvation come and strength and power,
The kingdom of our God and of his CHRIST:
Now is that railing and malignant foe
Cast down into the pit, which day and night
Accus'd our righteous brethren to their God:
Now are they made victorious by the blood
Of the Redeeming Lamb, and in the word
Of Truth, their fearless witness, through the world
Go forth against the anarchy of Sin

A host of martyrs faithful unto death;
Therefore rejoice, ye heav'ns, and ye of earth
Inhabitants, awake to joy and hail
The day-spring of Salvation from on high.
SATAN meanwhile ten thousand fathoms deep
At bottom of the pit, a mangled mass
With shatter'd brain and broken limbs outspread,
Lay groaning on the adamantine rock:
Him the strong Angel with ethereal touch
Made whole in form, but not to strength restor'd,
Rather to pain and the acuter sense
Of shame and torment; hideous was the glare
Of his blood-streaming eyes, and loud he yell'd
For very agony, whilst on his limbs
The massy fetters, such as hell alone
Could forge in hottest sulphur, were infix'd
And rivetted in the perpetual stone:
Upon his back he lay extended, huge,
A hideous ruin; not a word vouchsaf'd

That vengeful Angel, but with quick dispatch
Plied his commission'd task, then stretch'd the wing
And upward flew; for now th' infernal cave
Through all it's vast circumference had giv'n
The dreadful warning, and began to close
It's rocky ribs upon th' imprison'd fiend:
Fierce and more fierce as it approach'd became
The flaming concave; thus comprest, the vault
Red as metallic furnace glow'd intense
With heat, that had the hideous den been less
Than adamant it had become a flood,
Or SATAN other than he was in sin
And arch-angelic strength pre-eminent,
He neither could have suffer'd nor deserv'd:
Panting he roll'd in streams of scalding sweat,
Parch'd with intolerable thirst, one drop
Of water then to cool his raging tongue
Had been a boon worth all his golden shrines:
Vain wish! for now the pit had clos'd it's mouth,

Nor other light remain'd than what the glare
Of those reverberating fires bestow'd:
Then all the dungeon round was thick beset
With horrid faces, threat'ning as they glar'd
Their haggard eyes upon him; from hell's lake
Flocking they came, whole legions of the damn'd,
His worshippers on earth, sensual, profane,
Abominable in their lives, monsters of vice,
Blood-stained murderers, apostate kings,
And crowned tyrants some, tormented now
For their past crimes and into furies turn'd,
Accusing their betrayer: Curses dire,
Hissings and tauntings now from every side
Assail'd his ear, on him, on him alone,
From Cain first murderer to ISCARIOT all,
All with loud voices charg'd on him their sins,
Their agonies, with imprecations urg'd
For treble vengeance on his head accurst,
Founder of hell, sole author of their woe,

And enemy avow'd of all mankind.
Now when the King of Terrors had perceiv'd
The pow'r of his new Visitant, and saw
SATAN engulph'd, and the devouring pit,
Best barrier of his throne, for ever clos'd,
Descending from his state with heart abash'd,
Conscious that pride would ill befriend him now
In presence of his Conqueror, at the feet
Of CHRIST with low obeisance he put off
The trophies of his brow, and on the knee,
Stooping his vassal head, low homage paid,
And suppliant thus his humble suit preferr'd.
Immortal King! all glorious and all good,
At whose great name befits that every knee
In heav'n or earth or in these realms beneath
Should bend adoring, let thy will prevail
Here, as wherever else! And sure I am
'Tis not my pow'r but thine own wond'rous love,
Consenting to the deed, hath brought thee here

In pity to mankind to taste the cup
Of agony and visit these sad shades,
Though deathless; thence to re-ascend, as soon
Thou shalt, victorious to the realms of light.
I know thee for the CHRIST the Son of God,
Messias of the prophets long foreseen,
Yet of the unbelieving Jews despis'd,
Rejected, for thou cam'st not in the pomp
Of tempo'ral majesty, and only great
In patience, in humility, in love
And miracles of mercy. At thy feet
This head uncrown'd thus stooping, I resign
All empire; not on me let fall thy wrath
As on that bruised Serpent. What am I?
What is the sword, what is the pestilence,
And all my host of mortal ministers,
But servants of thy providence, a scourge
And rod of vengeance, wherewith to chastise
Presumptuous, guilty pride? Whose hand but mine

Strikes terror to the atheist's harden'd heart?
Who plucks the tyrant from his bloody car
And rolls him in the dust? or at a blow
Strangles the curse in the blasphemer's throat?
If on the martyr's head my axe descends,
The same hand plants a crown of glory there;
And if in my dark caves the righteous sleep,
Peaceful they sleep; I break not their repose,
For silence dwells with me and night and rest.
Behold the key inviolate that guards
Their hallow'd slumbers; never did I yield,
Though oft solicited, this sacred pledge
To SATAN or his sin-defiled crew;
Faithful I've kept it ever, faithful now
To thee their Savior I resign my charge.

This said, the golden badge of his command,
Rich and of heav'nly workmanship with gems
Of azure, green and purple thick emboss'd,
Humbly he laid at the REDEEMER's feet:

He to the zeal of GABRIEL strait consign'd
Th' enlargement of those spi'rits to bliss preferr'd,
Fit minister for office so benign:
Whereat he bade sound forth the signal trump
Of the First Resurrection, heard of none
Save of those holy Saints elect of God,
Martyrs and prophets, call'd to live with CHRIST,
In antecedent glory till the day
Of general Resurrection shall awaken
And summon into judgment all mankind.
Swift hied that friendly Angel on the wing,
Swifter, for that, on gracious errand sent,
Joy urg'd him to put forth his utmost speed;
Meanwhile the heav'nly Visitant of Death
Upon that ghastly Vision turn'd his eyes,
And thus in accent mild address'd the Shade.
That I came down from heav'n and am the CHRIST,
Rightly, O Death, thou hast pronounc'd; yet here
I come not to destroy thy power at once,

But to set free the Saints thou hold'st in thrall,
And call them to my peace; but ev'n of these
Part till my second coming must abide:
Of thee and all things of corruption bred
The term is fix'd; God must be all in all:
But time, as man computes, hath yet to roll
Through numerous ages ere the final trump
Shall sound thy knell. I brought not upon earth
Peace, but the sword; the gospel I have preach'd
Man will corrupt, misconstrue and pervert;
Nor shall my Church be only drench'd with blood
Of it's own martyrs, zealots shall arise
Aliens to my humility and peace,
With more than pagan enmity enflam'd
Each against other: then shall ruthless war
And persecution and fierce civil rage
Ravage the Christian world; intole'rant pride,
Usurping pow'r infallible, shall send
It's heralds forth with cursing in their mouths

And fetters for man's conscience in their hands ;
They in the battle's front shall plant the Cross
And bid the unconverted nations kneel
Under their conqu'ring standard and adopt
The creed of murderers, who, in the place
Of the pure bond of charity, present
A forged scroll blurr'd and defac'd with lies,
And impiously inscribe it with my Name.
These are religion's traitors, and from them
An ample harvest shalt thou reap, O Death ;
Suffice it thee to know that for a while
Thou shalt be spar'd : And now no more ; Behold!
GABRIEL leads on the congregated Saints.
Vanish, pale Phantom ! Give the ransom'd place.

END OF THE SEVENTH BOOK.

CALVARY;

OR,

The Death of Christ.

BOOK VIII.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE EIGHTH BOOK.

Christ, having closed his interview with Death, prepares to receive the Saints of the First Resurrection now approaching under the conduct of the angel Gabriel, and having ascended a mount in the midst of the congregation appears to them in glory: They pay homage to their Redeemer in a hymn of praise and thanksgiving: He addresses them in reply, and assures them of the blessings of immortal life bestowed upon them by the Father as the reward of righteousness: The patriarch Abraham enters into conference with Christ, in the conclusion of which the Savior of the world shews him the glorious vision of the heavenly Jerusalem, the holy city, as described in the Apocalypse: When this beatific vision is passed away, Christ reascends to earth in view of the whole assembly of Saints: The angel Gabriel, who is left behind, addresses them from the mount and expounds the purposes of the Savior's resurrection from the dead and return to earth: Moses recapitulates the events of his life, instances the frequent rebellions of the Lord's unfaithful people, and laments their future impenitence and incredulity: Gabriel replies, and from the nature of man's free will explains the origin and necessity of evil, from which he deduces the benefits of Christ's death and redemption: And now the Spirit of God descending on the hearts of the righteous, inspires them with all understanding and knowledge, fitted to their happy condition: A Paradise arises within the regions of Death; Gabriel addresses them for the last time, and upon his departure the Poem concludes.

CALVARY.

BOOK VIII.

THE RESURRECTION FROM THE DEAD.

Now had the Savior by the word of power
Wafted the magic Phantom into air,
And all the horrors of the scene dispell'd:
Swift as the stroke of his own winged dart,
Or flitting shadows by the moon-beam chas'd,
Death on the instant vanish'd: What had seem'd
A citadel of proud and martial port
With bastions fenc'd and tow'rs impregnable
Of adamant compos'd and lofty dome,
Covering the throne imperial, now was air;
And, far as eye could reach, a level plain,
In the intermin'able horizon lost,

Unfolded it's vast champain to the view.
Darkness twin-born with Death had fled; the rays,
That from the Savior's sun-crown'd temples beam'd
With dazzling lustre brighten'd all the scene.
There just emerging to the distant view,
And glitt'ring white, a multitude appear'd,
Stretch'd east and west in orderly array,
Swift marching underneath the mighty wings
Of the protecting Angel, who in air
Soar'd imminent, and with the broad expanse
From flank to flank envelop'd all the host:
He with the blast of the awak'ning trump
Gave note of their advance. In the mid-plain
There was a mount; thither the Savior hied
With his cherubic guard, and there in view
Of the assembled myriads stood sublime.
The Saints in order form'd themselves around,
Orb within orb, each in his proper sphere
Instinctively arrang'd; then all at once,

As by one soul inspir'd, with bended knee
And forehead prostrate on the earth they paid
Joint homage and ador'd. Oh! who shall dare
With bold conjecture to compute the list
Of that blest multitude, or say, who first,
Who last, receiv'd the glorious All-hail,
Ye blessed of my Father? Yet perchance,
So warranted by scripture and so taught
By moral sage experience, we may doubt
If many rich, if many great or learn'd
Were of that righteous company; be sure
The lover of this world had there no place,
He barter'd it for gold, he pass'd it off
To Belial for a perishable toy,
He sold it to a wanton: There the proud
Were brought down, and the meek and lowly rais'd:
The conque'ror not of others but himself
There found pre-eminence: All joy to him,
Who rear'd the orphan, dried the widow's tears,

And sought affliction in her secret haunts,
Not for the praise of men; and may not we,
Born in an age when mild philanthropy
Hath taught a better lesson to the heart,
May not we foster a kind hope that some
Of pagan name were call'd, who through the maze
Of dark idolatry took Reason's clue,
And found a mental avenue to God?
Here with the Father of the Faithful stood
A host of patriarchs, prophets, judges, saints:
Noah, who perfect in the time of wrath
And righteous found, was left unto the earth
A remnant, when the waters fell from heav'n,
And was in covenant with the Most High
That man no more should perish by the flood:
Moses, the faithful servant of the Lord,
Meekest, though mightiest, of the sons of men,
And glorious in the sight of dreadful kings:
Joshua, th' avenger of th' Elect of God,

Whose voice upon mount Gibeon staid the sun
In the mid-heav'n, and bade the moon stand still
In Ajalon's dark vale, till Israel ceas'd [sheath'd:
From slaughter and the conqu'ring sword was
Here Samuel in his linen ephod girt,
Thrice call'd of God, amid the foremost stood:
He, who with Baäl's priests contending rear'd
His rival altars and brought fire from heav'n
To vindicate his God: The Psalmist King,
And he, at whose sick pray'r the sun went back,
And he, surnam'd the Good: Daniel the seer,
And they, who in the furnace walk'd unhurt;
All in the sacred page recorded just
And faithful servants of the living God:
For who can doubt the holy word of truth
Attesting their salvation? Yet there is
One, who, by promise sacredly assur'd
Of bliss immediate, heard the glorious call,
Whilst hanging on the cross, by penitence

And faith obtain'd from the all-gracious lips
Of God's own Son expiring at his side.

Hail, holy congregation, elder-born
Of righteousness and first-fruits of the grave,
Elect unto salvation! Hail, blest Saints,
Now cloathed in white robes, as in your lives
With purity, sound forth your praise to God
And to the Lamb, in whose blood ye are wash'd;
Wave high your branches of victorious palm,
Hymning the strain, which He in Patmos heard,
What time the glorious vision was reveal'd.

Hail, First and Last! th' immortal chorus sung,
Of all things the beginning and the end;
For thou art he, who liveth and wast dead,
And lo! thou art alive for evermore,
And hold'st in hand of hell and death the keys.
Salvation to our God and to the Lamb
At his right hand, who sitteth on the throne;
Blessing and glory, wisdom, honor, power,

Might and thanksgiving evermore to God
And to his CHRIST! Father, we give thee thanks,
Lord God, which wast and art and art to come,
For this thy mighty pow'r in us fulfill'd.
Now are the kingdoms of this world become
The kingdoms of our Lord and of his CHRIST,
And he shall reign for ever; now thy wrath
On the rebellious nations is let loose;
Now is the first call of the sleeping saints,
And all thy servants faithful unto death
Thou hast rewarded with eternal bliss.
Henceforth for ever blessed are the dead,
Thus dying in the Lord, for they shall rest
From labor, and their good works are not lost!
Their hymn perform'd, the whole redeemed host,
With hands uplifted and all eyes direct
Upon the glorious Presence, bent the knee
Silent, whilst thus the LORD OF MERCY spake.
Ye blessed of my Father, prophets, saints

And martyrs; ye of Abraham's faithful stock,
And ye, though wild by nature, grafted in
Upon the parent tree and bearing fruits
To life eternal, welcome to my peace!
Now are your watchings and your labors past,
Your tribulations, self-denials, pains
And mournings recompens'd; never again
Shall ye know thirst or hunger, nor the sun
Scorch you by day, nor yet by night the moon;
For ye shall dwell before the throne of God,
And I will feed you; I will lead you forth
To living founts and wipe away all tears.
Come, enter ye into your Master's joy,
Come, for the throne awaits you, take the crown
Of glory, take the kingdom from all time
For you prepar'd, possess your happy rights,
The earnings of your charity and love:
For I was hungred and ye gave me meat,
Thirsty I was and ye asswag'd my thirst,

I was a stranger and ye took me in,
Naked ye cloath'd me, sick ye visited,
I was in prison and ye came unto me.
When Lord, the righteous humbly interpos'd,
When were these charities by us perform'd?
How have we merited this praise of thee,
Whom in the flesh we knew not? Tell us, Lord,
When saw we thee an-hungred and gave food?
When thirsty and gave drink? a stranger when
And took thee in, naked and cloathed thee;
When saw we thee in sickness or in prison
And came unto thee? When didst thou endure
These hard necessities, or we relieve?
Whereto the LORD replied: Truly ye say
Me in the flesh ye knew not, yet in spi'rit
Ye knew me, for my law was in your hearts;
And what to these my brethren ye have done,
Or to the least of these, ye did to me,
Patron of mercy and the friend of man.

To every one, but not to all alike,
Some talent is in trust, the loan of Heav'n,
To husband as he may, and he who spares
From his imparted fund wherewith to help
His neighbor's scantier dole, improves the loan
And makes his Lord his debtor. First and last,
Ere Abraham was I am. Open your ears!
Hear, mark and understand: The world by sin
Original had fallen off from God;
Man was become corrupt, idolatrous,
Abominable; SATAN reign'd on earth.
Ye are of various ages; all have slept,
And some from earliest times or e'er the flood
Swallow'd the nations, yet with one accord
All in your several periods have bewail'd
Degenerated man: Noah can tell
How all the earth with violence was fill'd,
Or e'er the fountains of the vasty deep
Were broken up: Moses can well declare

How hard and to rebellion prone the hearts
Of those, whom he led forth: Samuel beheld
A stiff-neck'd generation spurn the yoke
And kick against their God; but vain his voice,
Vain all the prophets voices, which foretold
My coming, without whom the world were lost.
Now is salvation come; I've drank the cup
Of bitterness and died the death for man:
My peace I've left on earth; the living world,
They have the word of truth and by that word
Through faith they shall be sav'd; from them I came
To visit these dark regions and redeem
The saints who slept; behold! ye are alive:
Death hath no more dominion! SATAN, chain'd
For ages, shall abide his time to come:
Meanwhile in glory ye shall dwell with me;
By resurrection purchas'd with my blood
Ye are the first-fruits of immortal life.

Now ABRAHAM, father of the faithful band

And first in station nearest to the mount,
His eyes uplifted to the face divine
Of the effulgent Virtue, and thus spake.
  Yet once more, as aforetime in the days
Of Sodom, suffer me to plead for man,
And ask of thee his Savior if these few,
Few not in numbers, yet for heav'n too few
And for heav'n's mercy, seeing there are past
So many many ages of the world,
Are all that shall be sav'd: Alas, for man!
If this be the whole remnant, all the stock
Cull'd from so many myriads for God's fold.
Where are the nations vanish'd? Where the hosts,
That sea, earth, flood and fire have swallow'd up?
Can hell contain them? Can devouring Death
Find stomach for them all? Did God make man
For death and hell, or thou endure the cross
Only for us? Are all the righteous shrunk
To this small measure? And, if these be all,

Are they not yet enough to save the rest,
If heav'nly mercy listen to our prayer?
May not our righteousness so save a world
From wrath, as once the righteousness of five
Had sav'd a guilty city from it's fate?
To him the LORD OF MERCY: I have said
Ye are the first fruits by my blood obtain'd,
The earnest of redemption: I have bruis'd,
Not crush'd, the Serpent's head; he shall arise
Out of the pit once more to vex the earth.
Death the last enemy is not destroy'd,
Yet is his sceptre shorten'd, and the key,
That opens into life, now in those hands,
Where mercy best can place it for man's good:
Thus of all pow'r though Death is not bereft,
Yet I have shook his throne, with inroad deep
Pierc'd his dark realm, and, you redeeming thence,
Made tenantless your graves, his strongest holds.
With you when from this depth I reascend,

And through heav'n's golden portal lead my host
Of Saints high-waving these victorious palms,
Your white robes glitt'ring in God's starry courts,
Great sure will be the triumph, loud th' acclaim,
When all my Father's Angels shall sound forth
Their joyful hallelujahs round his throne.
Enough for victory hath been atchiev'd,
Destruction is reserv'd to that great day,
When the compelling Angel shall go forth
To gather every atom of man's dust,
Which the seas cover or the earth contains:
Then shall all souls be judg'd; if Abraham then,
When of all hearts the secrets shall be known,
Then if the Friend of God hath aught to urge
In mitigation of man's guilt, be sure,
Ere justice strike, mercy will hear the plea.
Of this no more: The seasons and the times
Are with the Father; the dread hour draws on:
But I must first revisit those on earth,

Whom I have left in sorrow; for their sakes
I must again submit me to the flesh,
And by the evidence of sense confirm
My promis'd resurrection; this perform'd
And immortality reveal'd to man,
By faith made sure, my gospel shall go forth:
My office then the Comforter will take;
The weak he shall make strong, the foolish wise,
And by the mouths of sucklings and of babes
He shall confound the wisdom of the world,
And o'er the gates of hell erect my Church.

When thus the Patriarch, glowing still with zeal
For man's salvation, further question urg'd.

Lord, will not then the faithless world believe,
When thou return'st with glory? From the dead
When they behold thee visible on earth
And thence to heav'n ascending, can they doubt?
Such revelation can their eyes resist,
Their ears such truth recorded? Shall there then

Be left a Gentile idol upon earth
To rival Israel's God? Shall there not be
One Shepherd and one fold for all mankind,
One faith, one baptism, one LORD and CHRIST?
But I perhaps too bold offend thine ear
With my rude converse; Lord, if so, command
My tongue to silence; yet not in thy wrath,
Not in thy wrath, O Lord, reprove my zeal.
Whereto the Savior mildly thus replied.
O Abraham, in whose soul compassion glows
And love, that burns with zeal for all thy sons,
Nor for thy sons alone, but the whole world,
Whose advocate thou art, think not the tongue,
That speaks for mercy, can offend my ear:
Yet what thy zeal anticipates in time
Is distant far; ages must roll betwixt
Thy hope and its completion; threat'ning clouds
Lour on the glorious prospect; seas of blood
Must first be pass'd; long pilgrimage and sad

My martyrs have to make through vallies dark,
Where ign'rance shades the sun, through frightful haunts,
Where superstition pictures out the scene
In monstrous forms, and worships what it dreads:
Painful their march and round beset with snares;
Here treach'ry lurks, there persecution flames,
Before them infidelity, behind
Reproach and slander and the roar of tongues
Contentious, urging them to turn from God
And waste their nobler zeal in vain dispute.
Thus step by step in righteousness and faith
Arm'd at all points my servants militant
Shall win their way, and what they earn enjoy.
Lowly and meek I came into the world,
And meek and lowly I shall now return,
Not with that glory rising from the grave,
Which for my second coming is reserv'd,
But in that mortal body, which they pierc'd,

Shewing my wounds, not with the proud display
Of one, who courts the voice of public fame,
But communing apart with those I left
To be my witnesses, that so through them
Men may be taught by reason to discern
Not what they must, but what they should, believe;
Not by the evidence of sense to feel,
But by the mind's conviction to perceive
Truth in it's argument, not act, and build
On reason, not necessity, their faith,
And on their faith and their good works their hope.
God will not always struggle with mankind,
Heap proof on proof till incredulity
Tho' blind must see, tho' deaf of force must hear:
He will not bring his heav'n upon the earth,
Rather will lead man's heart from earthly things
To reach at heavenly; the railing Jews,
Who fix'd me to the cross, bade me come down
And with the sign of pow'r dispel their doubts:

So had I frustrated all faith at once,
And with all faith all virtue: I was dumb,
I open'd not my mouth to their reproach,
I stirr'd not from the cross, I died the death,
Nor to my rescue brought one Angel down,
Though legions waited to obey my call:
And now none other sign will I vouchsafe
But of the prophet Jonas, for as he
From out the belly of the whale emerg'd
On the third day, so I from out the tomb
In the same body will come forth on earth
With the third morning's dawn; thus shall the word
Of prophecy by my disciples heard,
Not understood, be perfected in me,
And I will breath my spi'rit into their hearts
To comprehend all scriptures, and to preach
Me crucified; nor shall there be a dearth
Of witnesses to publish and attest
My resurrection; hundreds shall behold

My substance in the flesh, and he that doubts
Shall touch me and believe. More to expound
There needs not; this in all your ears aloud
I now promulgate, that when I am gone
Ye may abide the interim in peace,
By terror or impatience undisturb'd:
And now not many are the days to pass,
Ere to the heav'n of heav'ns I shall ascend,
And there in blest communion with my Saints,
Made perfect after death, for ever dwell
At the right hand of Pow'r; meanwhile the seed,
Which I have sown, though of all grains the least,
Yet water'd by the Comforter shall grow
Of herbs the greatest, and become a tree,
Within whose branches all the birds of air
Shall come and lodge, so shall my kingdom rise
From mean beginning into mighty growth,
A still small current, spreading as it goes;
For in the arm of man I place no strength,

Nor in the battle's thunder can be heard
His voice that preacheth peace; to storm the ear,
Like those loud heathen orators, who shake
The forum with their eloquence, ill suits
The servants of a Master little vers'd
In this world's wisdom and not vain of speech:
In love, in calm persuasion and in peace
My gospel I have planted: Woe to them,
Who in the place of these sweet fruits provoke
The baneful growth of persecution, strife
And discord in my Church, op'ning my wounds
Unheal'd and crucifying me afresh.

To him the Patriarch: Lord, we give thee thanks
For that thou hast imparted to thy saints,
These tidings of great joy, though distant far
And through such clouds of sorrow dimly seen;
And sure we are thy gospel shall prevail,
Yet much do we lament for what thy saints
And martyrs have to suffer upon earth,

Foil'd by that first Deceiver of mankind,
Who, though now bruis'd and for awhile enchain'd,
Shall yet come forth to vex thy holy Church,
To conjure up false prophets and pervert
Thy followers, who are taught to live in peace
And charity with all men: But we know
God did not build this goodly frame of things
For SATAN to destroy, and he and Death
Shall have an end: Heav'n is man's natural home
And righteousness the impulse of his heart;
Nor will God fail his promise, that in me
And in my seed the whole world shall be blest
Ah! when shall I behold that promis'd day?
When shall I see the warring world at peace
When shall my Israel, scatter'd o'er the earth
And straggling wide, hear their good Shepherd's call
And come into his fold? Sure that blest voice,
That glorious vision would be heav'n itself.
That vision thou shalt see, the LORD replied

And smil'd all-gracious on th' enraptur'd Saint,
From this prospective mount with purged eye,
That through the length'ning tract of time discerns,
Futurity remote, thou shalt behold
Th' Apocalypse, which to no living eye,
Save of my servant John, I shall disclose:
But know ere this blest period shall arrive
The elements must melt with fervent heat,
And earth and sea and heav'n must pass away,
Darkness and sin and death shall be no more,
And a new world shine forth. Ascend the mount,
And eastward turning tell me what thou see'st.
I see, the Patriarch cried, an heaven and earth,
Earth without sea and heav'n without a cloud,
All bright and glist'ning from the Maker's hands:
I see descending from the throne of God
Jerusalem the Holy City, new,
Deck'd like a bride for her celestial spouse:
Order and grace and symmetry conspire

In all her parts, and with the rich display
Of vivid gems make glorious her attire:
To the four points of heav'n in equal span
She stretches out her many-colour'd walls,
Celestial masonry, whose meanest stone,
More rare and precious than the brightest gem
Of earthly diadems, transparent flames,
From the foundations to the topmost cope
Of mural battlement one dazzling blaze
Of glorious jewelry, and them amidst
On every flank quadrangular three gates,
Each of an orient pearl, to our twelve tribes
By number and by name appropriate,
Stand open, guarded by Cherubic watch;
Through whose unfolded portals I descry
A city all of purest gold and clear
As the unclouded crystal, on whose towers
God's all-sufficient glory sheds a flood
Of radiance brighter than the borrow'd beam

Of shadowy moon or sun oft wrapt in clouds,
Making alternate night and day on earth:
But night is here unknown; day needeth not
To rest in darkness, nor the eye in sleep;
Nor temple here for worship may be found,
The ever-present Deity demands
No house of pray'r; in ev'ry heart is built
His altar, every voice records his praise,
And every saint his minister and priest.
Through the mid-street a crystal river flows
Pellucid, welling from the throne of God,
It's living source, upon whose border springs
The tree of life, bearing ambrosial fruits
Monthly renew'd and varied through the year,
Food for immortals, in whose balmy gum
And leaves medicinal a virtue dwells
So general and potential, that no pain
Or ailment but here finds it's ready cure:
No tear shall wet this consecrated soil,

Nor feud nor clamor nor unholy curse
Disturb these peaceful echoes, here the saints
In sweet harmonious brotherhood shall dwell
Serene and perfect in the sight of God.
And hark! I hear seraphic voices chaunt
To their melodious harps the bridal hymn—
Now is our God espoused to his Church,
And from their heav'nly union are gone forth
Blessing and peace and joy to all mankind:
Now shall his saints eternal Sabbath keep
From death and pain and wailing and complaint:
All is made new, the old is pass'd away,
Time draws aside the faded scene of things
And Nature in immortal freshness blooms:
Now to the waters of the fount of life,
Perpetual waters, every soul may come,
And he that is athirst may freely drink:
But fire and brimstone in the burning lake
Shall be their portion, who revolt from God;

W. Brown inv.t J. Neagle sculp.

Christ responding to Earth.

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There with the Beast in torments they shall dwell,
Seal'd in their foreheads with his mark and drink
The cup of indignation to the dregs
Wrung out in anger, whilst their ceaseless cry
Shall with the smoke of the infernal pit
Day after day for evermore ascend.

No more; for now the heav'nly vision clos'd;
Awaken'd from his trance the Patriarch turn'd
With grateful reverence to address the LORD
And giver of these new-discover'd joys,
When lo! ascending from the mount he saw
CHRIST in a cloud of glory on the wings
Of mighty Cherubim upborne in air
High-soaring, to this orb terraqueous bound,
Seen over-head diminish'd to a point
Dim and opake amid the blue serene:
His raiment, whiter than the new-born light
Struck out of chaos by the Maker's hand
In earnest of creation, sparkling blaz'd

In it's swift motion and with fiery track
Mark'd his ascent to earth; the host of Saints
With joyful loud hosannas fill'd the air:
Glory to God on high, was all their strain,
On the earth peace, good-will to all mankind!
Meanwhile th' Arch-angel GABRIEL, who yet kept
His tutelary station on the mount,
So bidd'n of CHRIST, with arm outstretch'd and voice
Commanding silence, thus the Saints bespake.
Now is your resurrection sure, your joy,
Your glory and your triumph over Death
And hell made perfect; for behold where CHRIST
Your first-fruit is aris'n, and waves on high
The ensign of redemption; now he soars
Up to yon pendent world, that darkling speck,
Which in the boundless empyrean floats
Pois'd on it's whirling axle; there he liv'd
And took your mortal body, there he died
And for your sakes endur'd the painful cross,

Giving his blood a ransom for your sins;
Thither he goes to re-assume his flesh;
There, when his angel ministers have op'd
The sealed sepulchre, he shall come forth
And shew himself resurgent from the grave
To those whom he hath sanctified and call'd
To be his witnesses in all the world,
And of his resurrection after death
Their faithful evidence to seal with blood
Of martyrs and apostles, warning men
With their last breath to be baptiz'd and live;
So shall the seed be water'd and increase,
Till all the Gentile nations shall come in
And dwell beneath it's branches evermore.
Now are the gates of everlasting life
Set open to mankind, and when the LORD,
Captain of their salvation, shall have liv'd
His promis'd term on earth, and thence to heav'n
Ascending seat himself at God's right hand,

Then shall the Holy Ghost the Comforter
Rush like a mighty wind upon the hearts
Of his inspir'd apostles; tongues of fire
And languages untaught they shall receive
To speak with boldness the revealed Word,
Enduring all things for the gospel's sake;
Troubled on ev'ry side yet not distress'd,
Perplex'd but not surrender'd to despair,
Afflicted not forsaken they shall be,
Cast down but not destroy'd, knowing that God,
Who raised the LORD JESUS from the dead,
Them also into life through him will raise,
And that the light affliction of this world,
Which is but for a moment, soon shall be
O'erpaid by a far more exceeding weight
Of glory' eternal in the life to come.
He ceas'd, and all were silent, wrapt in awe
Of the late glorious vision, yet in heart
Troubled for what the Angel had reveal'd

Of sorrows still to come and pains and deaths
To be encounter'd by the Saints on earth;
When now that Shepherd, who on Sinai's mount
Commun'd with God and heard creation's plan
Expounded by it's Architect, thus spake.

Oh thou, whom through the fiery cloud I saw
On Horeb's hill, when tending Jethro's flock,
What time I heard my name twice call'd of God
In thunder from amidst the flaming bush,
Bidding me strait go forth to loose his sheep
From Egypt's captive fold, I do perceive
That I have penn'd the Word of God aright,
And now in CHRIST behold the woman's seed
Bruising that Serpent's head, who wrought the fall
Of our first parents. Forty days and nights
On Sinai's top 'midst thund'rings, clouds and fire
Fasting I stood, and whilst the hallow'd ground
Trembled beneath my bare unsandal'd feet,
I heard an awful voice, that bade me write

The glorious record of his six days work.
Aghast, confounded, dazzled with the blaze
Of glory, still my faithful pen obey'd
The sacred dictates of an unseen God:
I wrote, and to an unbelieving world
Publish'd the wond'rous Code; age after age
Libell'd the transcript: With the rod of pow'r
I smote the seas asunder; Israel pass'd
Through wat'ry battlements; forty long years
In the waste howling wilderness I fed
Their murmuring tribes with food miraculous;
They fed but murmur'd still: I brought them laws
With God's own finger graven; I came down
Bearing Jehovah's statutes in my hand
On both sides written: impious noisy shouts,
Lewd triumphs and vile revels smote mine ear;
The people danc'd around a molten calf,
Monstrous idolatry! Raging with shame
I dash'd the stony tablets on the ground,

And shiver'd them to fragments; God was mock'd:
A stiff-neck'd and a stubborn race they were,
Who from the rock of their salvation turn'd
And sacrific'd to devils; and behold!
Their sons have crucified the LORD OF LIFE:
Therefore his resurrection, which shall be
Light and redemption to the Gentile world,
To them is darkness and the shadow' of death;
For they have slain the very Paschal Lamb;
That bloody symbol of their antient law,
Which I made sacred, they have now made void,
And cancell'd my legation: I perceive
A new commandment is gone forth; I see
The temple's vail is rent; for the old law,
A carnal shadow of things spiritual,
Suffic'd not for perfection and the pow'r
Of an eternal life: CHRIST is become
That King of Salem, that immortal Priest
Of God most high, whose ministry supreme,

Before all time from heav'n itself deriv'd
And not from right Levitical, removes
All title from that consecrated tribe,
Where I had fix'd it. God, who sending me,
Sent but his servant, now hath giv'n his Son
More worthy of his glory; without sin
And spotless He, the great High Priest, hath pass'd
Into the heav'ns victorious over Death;
But I, whose trespasses at Meribah,
Frail sinful man, provok'd the Lord to wrath,
Saw but the skirts of Dan from Pisgah's top,
Unworthy deem'd to enter that fair land,
And died upon mount Nebo. But when CHRIST,
Who hath awaken'd us from sleep, shall rise
And in his mortal flesh a second time
Visit his Saints on earth, who then shall say
There is no resurrection of the dead?
Faintly I shadow'd forth a future life;
I spake not to men's senses, as CHRIST speaks;

God gave me no commission to reveal
The secrets of the grave; corruption's worm
Spar'd not my flesh, nor came my spirit back
From Death's dark citadel to give mankind
Conviction ocular of his defeat;
I left him in his power till CHRIST should come
To break that sceptre, which had aw'd the world.
Much then it moves my wonder, much I grieve
That darkness shall not yet be drawn aside
From Israel, and that those, who would not hear
Me and the prophets, shall not yet believe
CHRIST their Messias rising from the dead.
To whom th' Arch-angel answer'd heav'nly mild:
Well may'st thou muse that reas'ning man should doubt,
And cause we have to grieve, when he neglects
So great salvation; but when CHRIST hath shewn
What is the good and true and perfect way
Reason must do the rest: When all are free

Some must be faithless, wilful and perverse.
God could have made his creatures void of sin,
For he can put a master in their hearts,
And govern them by instinct: but to man
He gave a nobler faculty, a will,
A spark of immortality, a soul,
Reason to counsel that immortal soul,
And conscience to restrain licentious will.
Grace shall assist the humble and devout;
A proud man hath no friend in heav'n or earth,
Renounc'd of angels and by men abhorr'd:
Truth must be sought, it will not be impos'd:
What were that revelation, which should leave
No exercise to faith? All men must work
With fear and trembling their salvation out.
God does not give free will to take away
What he hath giv'n; if man will sin, he must:
Nor do we call them good, who cannot err,
Else brutes would claim a virtue. None is good

W. Brown inv.ᵗ

Warren sculp.

Christ expiring on the Cross.

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Save God alone; impute we not to God
The evil which man does, nor him arraign
For not preventing ills which he foreknows:
Angels have sinn'd and some are fall'n from bliss;
All had their days of error, their degrees
Of good and ill, else why have we degrees
Ranks and precedencies of bliss in heav'n?
Call your own lives to mind; ye have been men,
Your failings many, yet your virtues more;
Why are ye now rewarded by your God?
Why but because those virtues were your own?
Ye made them what they were, ye rear'd their growth,
Reason reform'd the wild luxuriant soil,
Pluck'd up the weeds and nurs'd the glorious fruit.
Is there amongst you one that hath to boast
Human perfection? There is none that will.
A free yet faultless creature would be more
Than man, than angel; nor can God create

An equal to himself, a rival God.
In Eden's happy groves when man was plac'd,
One interdicted baneful plant there was,
Tempting and rich in fruit; all else was good,
Fair to the eye and wholesome to the taste;
Yet of that fruit man pluck'd and eat and died;
Tempted he was, but not compell'd to take;
Warn'd to abstain, no angel stopp'd his hand,
No thundering voice deterr'd him from the deed,
For man was free; so could he not have been,
Had God's foreknowledge over-rul'd his will.
Thus Sin had origin and Death began
His occupation with the human race,
More terrible for that he came with pangs,
Horrors and doubts on sin-oppressed man,
When conscience wrung him in the parting hour:
But still the inextinguishable soul
Mock'd at Death's dart, the body was his own
From the beginning; of the earth 'twas made,

The earth it till'd and from the earth it fed;
A tenement of dust was never form'd
For immortality; and now, behold,
Adam the earthy man, in whom all die,
Is buried to the world; redemption brings
The day-spring of Salvation from on high,
CHRIST in his glory comes, the LORD from heav'n,
And who in him have faith, in him have life.
He ceas'd, when now th' assembly of the Saints,
Who whilst he spake stood in their orbs unmov'd
Circling the mount, 'gan feel the Spi'rit of God
Descending on their hearts, and, like a sea
By secret currents from it's bottom stirr'd,
Wav'd to and fro their undulating files
Wide and more wide, as with a mighty wind
The heav'nly inspiration on them rush'd:
This GABRIEL heard and from the mount came down,
Which quak'd beneath his feet, whilst over-head

Loud thunderings announc'd the coming God:
And now a fire, that cover'd all the mount,
Bespoke him present; all the air respir'd
Ambrosial odours, amaranth and rose,
For Nature felt her God, and every flower
And every fragrant shrub, whose honied breath
Perfumes the courts of heav'n, had burst to life
Blooming, and, in a thousand colors dy'd,
Threw their gay mantle o'er the naked heath:
Now glow'd the living landscape; hill and dale
Rose on the flat, or sunk as Nature shap'd
Her lovliest forms and swell'd her wavey line,
Leaving unrein'd variety to run
Her wild career amid the sportive scene:
Nor were there wanting trees of ev'ry growth,
Umbrageous some, making a verdant tent
Under their spreading branches, some of shaft
Majestic, tow'ring o'er the subject groves:
Blossoms and fruits and aromatic gums

Scented the breeze, that fann'd their rustling leaves;
And them betwixt, a crystal river flow'd
O'er golden sands, meand'ring in it's course
Through amaranthine banks with lulling sound
Of dulcet murmurs breathing soft repose.

Thus at the sight of God spontaneous rose
A Paradise within the realm of Death,
Where that blest congregation might abide
Their LORD's return now visitant on earth:
And now th' Eternal having breath'd his joy
Into their hearts and giv'n them to discern
All knowledge, that befitted souls so blest,
Withdrew his presence from the flaming mount;
Whereat the min'istring Angel, who beheld
Salvation's work complete, thus parting spake.

God, in whose presence pleasure ever dwells,
Hath for your dear Redeemer's sake bestow'd
These joys, and now his presence is withdrawn;
Yet hath he left his spirit in your hearts

To teach you all that is and is to be:
Behold, the cloud that veil'd your mortal eyes
Is drawn aside, and what as in a glass
Darkling ye saw now face to face is seen:
Ye now discern the ways of God how just,
How true, how wise, how perfect in design,
And well ye knew that man, presumptuous man,
In a vain shadow walketh, ye perceive
His boasted mind sufficient for the things,
That to his own salvation appertain;
Yet when it scans the mysteries of heaven,
How false, how weak, how daringly absurd!
Firm faith, warm charity and humble hope,
These are the Christian graces, these the guides,
That lead to life eternal; thoughts perverse,
Pert quibbling follies, publish'd in the pride
Of false philosophy, are dev'lish arts,
That damn the instrument, who thus attempts
To hide the light of revelation's beam

From weaker eyes, and turn the world from God ;
These verily shall have their just reward :
And now no more ; this Paradise ye see
Is but your passage to a brighter scene,
A resting-place till CHRIST shall re-ascend
To the right hand of God and call you hence
To share his glory in the heav'n of heavens.

He said, and swifter than the meteor's glance,
Sprung on the wing to seek his native sphere :
The Saints look'd up, then sung with joint acclaim—
Glory to God and praises to his CHRIST,
Judge and Redeemer of the quick and dead!

END OF THE POEM.

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